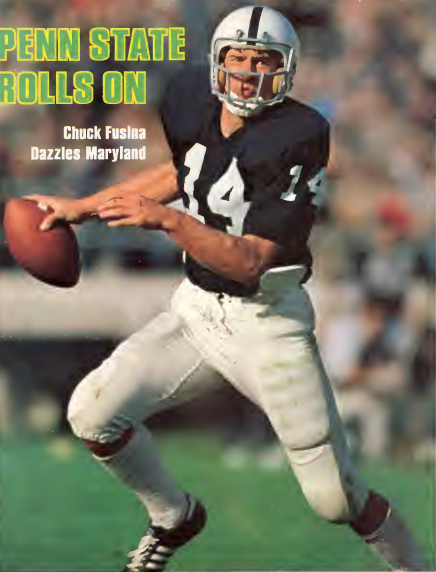


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 12, 1976 \$1.25

PENN STATE ROLLS ON

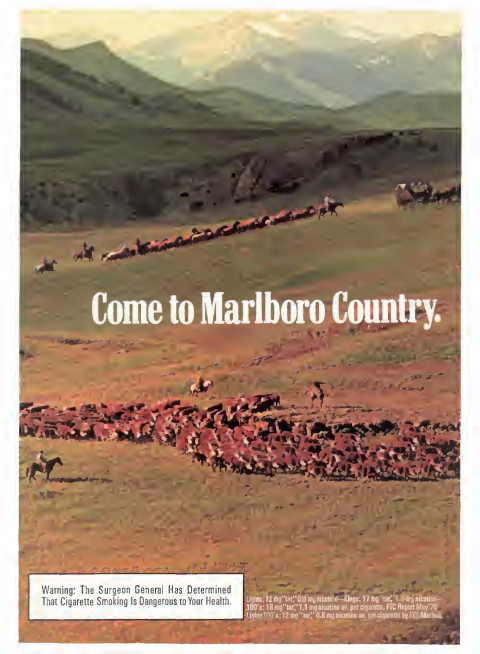
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CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 13, 1978 Volume 49, No. 20

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Don Haskin, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain

Don Haskin, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain, Gossain

A Lionized Defense 18

Penn State stopped Maryland 27-3 in a battle of unbeatens by stymieing the
Terps' rushing and stealing their passes by John Underwood

C'mon, Flames, Light Mah Fire 22

Hockey's hottest team is the Atlanta Flames, and they may put a match to
the city's tag of "Lousville, U.S.A." by E. M. Swift

The Sonics Garde Is Up 24

Seattle was supposed to fall apart without Center Marvin Webster, but Tom
LaGarde has filled in admirably as the Sonics roll by Curry Kirkpatrick

It Could Be Doomsday in Dallas 26

The Super Bowl champion Cowboys lost their fourth game of the season, to
Mets, and face a fight just to make the playoffs by Joe Marshall

Horses for His Kingdom 36

Robert Bengtson loves the horses—and he has made good on his
threat to shake racing by the neck by Clive Gammon

What's Up, Doc? Nearly Too Much 40

By skipping practice and studying 18 hours a day, Kentucky's Jim Kovech is
combining med school with linebacking by William F. Reed

A Long Time between Beers 74

What began as a pleasant day's fishing trip off Baja California turned into an
11-day ordeal for two Los Angeles anglers by H. Marvin Bird

The Departments

Scorecard	13	Pro Football	58	For the Record	91
College Football	44	Tennis	80	19th Hole	92
Boating	54	Fishing	65	Covers on page 37	

Next Week

THE WAY I SEE IT, says Larry Holmes, Alfredo Evangelista went 15 rounds with Ali,
but he won't last nearly that long with me. Pat Pultroni will be at ringside in Las Vegas
to see if the WBC heavyweight champ puts his punches where his predictions areRUNNING INTO ONE ANOTHER will be No. 1-ranked Oklahoma, with Billy Sims
and Kenny King, and No. 4 Nebraska, featuring 1 M. Hip and Rick Biers. Douglas S.
Looney reports from Lincoln on the spirited land rush to the Orange Bowl

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Both of us were resigned to dying because it seemed like such a good opportunity to do it," says H. Marvin Bird, 63, author of the harrowing sea adventure, *A Long Time Between Beers*, starting on page 74. "When death seemed so close, I became fascinated with it. I thought, 'Well, here it comes. Now I'll get some of the answers.' But Bill and I really talked just enough about it to agree we wouldn't talk about it. After all, death is a rather morbid subject, don't you think?"

For 11 horrendous, morbid days, Bird, a dedicated landlubber who had spent his life in such pursuits as dry cleaning, building contracting and mortgage insurance, had been lost and seemingly hopelessly adrift in the 16-foot *Lazy* in the raging Gulf of California. With him was his friend and co-worker, Bill Knorr, who was far from an old salt himself. Very far.

There is a tale of men doing things that neither knew how to do, like building a makeshift still to produce drinking water. "I had no technical knowledge," says Bird. "We did it because we had to." But daughter Lydia, 24, of Santa Barbara, who helped write the article, says of her inventive father, "He knows how things work. He has always had a logical mind." The still, born of this logic, produced about a quart of

potable water: it saved their lives.

The nightmare began a few weeks after Bird, a resident of Southern California for 24 years, had retired from Family Life Insurance Co. Knorr had just bought the *Lazy*, and the two thought that it would be fun to join a flotilla on a lengthy trip to the southern part of the Gulf. Soon after getting underway, however, it was apparent that Bird and Knorr lacked the ability and the boat lacked the capability to make such a voyage. So they dropped out, first to make a minor repair, then to fish. As they were heading to shore after each man had caught half a dozen triggerfish, the fearsome wind known as the *chubasco* sprang up, raising mountainous waves.

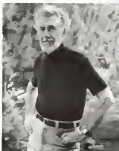
"Marvin survived because he knew a lot about survival," says Paul Palmquist of Orange, Calif., a friend of Bird's and a member of the search party. And why does Bird think he survived? "You've got me stumped," he says. "But we were optimistic when we had no reason to be. And we didn't fight with each other."

These days Bird has found a snug harbor on Spain's south coast where he lives in the tiny village of Fuengirola—without a telephone. He has three logical reasons for doing without one: 1) it costs about \$1,000 to get a telephone installed; 2) because it costs so much, few have telephones, so Marvin would have no one to call; 3) and most important, "I retired to get away from the telephone."

Bird plays golf, gardens—and goes fishing in the Mediterranean. How can he bear to set foot on another boat? Says Bird, "Frankly, it has never occurred to me that such an awful thing could happen again. But sometimes at night when I'm out on the sea, I do think about it. And a very cold shiver goes up my spine."

Let's F. Sutton

BIRD: A SNUG HARBOR AFTER THE STORM



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BOOKTALK

by BILL VERIGAN

NON-RUNNERS TAKE HEART. THERE ARE OVER 180 MILLION OF YOU IN THE U.S.

At last, a movement is afoot—or perhaps a non-movement is unroll—to free the non-runner from his closet, if he can get up the energy to leave. As the blushing red cover of *The Non-Runner's Book* (Collier Books, \$2.95) says, here is "advice and reassurance for the millions of Americans who want to know 'Is it all right if I don't run?'"

Admitting that they are actually "a pair of rich and successful sneaker manufacturers... atoning for the damage they've done," Vic Ziegel and Lewis Grossberger have dared to come to the defense of that maligned, misunderstood group—the non-runners.

Runners have had it all their way in the '70s. With missionary fervor, they have indoctrinated non-runners with tiresome accounts of the joys of jogging. They have subjected the unconverted and unconverted to nasty sneers as they sprint through stalled traffic. And every hamlet with a population of more than 80 has its very own marathon. No wonder non-runners have gone underground.

Until now you probably thought you were all alone. But on page xiii, the authors reveal a suppressed statistic from the Bureau of Sedentary Activity, which estimates "there are more than 180 million non-runners in the United States." This well-documented book is loaded with information that will probably never be valuable, useful or even suitable for small talk at a cocktail party.

The sad tale of R. V. Winkle, the upscale New York resident "who tried for a marathon nap without working up to it gradually," is a warning to those who might be tempted to overindulge.

A full chapter is devoted to what runners are trying to say when they speak Rannese. Another chapter describes "Sex and the Single Non-Runner" in such embarrassing detail that it is suitable for a 5-year-old. Famous non-runners are held up for emulation.

Photos and drawings support the text. There is a rare, poignant picture of Duke Prunty trying to refasten his big right toe after it had fallen off during the 1974 Boston Marathon. Not a million words could describe his bewildered face as he ponders why he entered a marathon in the first place.

In short, here is everything that might elicit a chuckle about non-running, a sport that definitely fails to take itself seriously.

Jog right down to buy it, and you might never run again. As Calvin Coolidge, the patron to whom *The Non-Runner's Book* is dedicated, said, "I do not choose to run." **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by BRUCE NEWMAN

THE UNGENTLE ART OF PERSUASION

Unlike man's finer instincts, which seem to percolate downward and settle in the bones, arrogance is a gassy thing that rises irresistibly until it finds a point of release, usually the mouth. Last week a pall of arrogance hung over San Francisco and Green Bay, following two incidents involving the general managers of the NFL teams in those cities and the newsmen who cover them.

Joe Thomas, who was brought to the San Francisco 49ers two years ago to be the franchise's savior, has been something less than that. Thomas is a Machiavellian character who had a formidable record of success with Minnesota, Miami and Baltimore, but despite the face-lift he has given the 49ers, the team has won but one game this season. That prompted Frank Blackman of *The San Francisco Examiner* to write a piece laying the blame at Thomas' feet. It was not a flattering article, typified by such Blackmanisms as "The 49ers are Joe Thomas' team and they stink."

Thomas learned of the story before the paper hit the street, and he hit the ceiling. Locating Blackman in a disco, Thomas approached him on the dance floor. According to Blackman, an irate Thomas squeezed him repeatedly on the upper arm and accused him of being "a turncoat." After haranguing Blackman for several minutes, Thomas, shouting, "I'm going to get you for this," was led out by the assistant manager.

Thomas later said he would like to see Blackman taken off the 49ers' beat, and owner Eddie DeBartolo concurred. "I'm going to see if there is any legal way we can keep Blackman from covering the 49ers," said DeBartolo.

Thomas has a reputation for high-handedness, so his outburst was not altogether surprising. The shocker came a few days later when gentlemanly Bart Starr, the coach and general manager of the Green Bay Packers, threatened reprisals against four reporters who refused to suppress the fact that the Packers were ap-

parently in violation of the league's so-called stashing rule.

Starr had invited Duane Thomas, the itinerant running back, to Green Bay for the permissible 24-hour tryout with the club, which might have been duly noted and forgotten—Thomas did not make the team—had not Thomas remained for a week of workouts. When he was first asked about Thomas' prolonged presence, Starr protested, "I can't make him leave town. We can't tell him he can't be here if he just wants to continue working out on his own." Despite his statements for the record, however, Starr said privately, "We don't want everyone knowing we're still looking at him."

When it became evident at a news conference that the four reporters had checked with the NFL office to see if it was investigating the matter, Starr was furious. "This is a damned outthroat business," he said. "There are other blood-thirsty bastards out there trying to get an edge: working out guys in pads with their teams. They're cheating. We don't cheat, but we're going to go to the limit within the rules and we're going to bend them within the framework."

Starr paused. "You can print what you want," he said, "but if you print this, you're not going to come through this door again."

Subsequently, Starr publicly admitted that Thomas had used the Green Bay facilities for the entire week, but that he didn't realize this was against NFL rules.

Two days later he laid down some rules of his own: henceforth all practices would be closed; interviews with players would have to be arranged through the Packers' PR office, one of his regular news conferences would be canceled, and at the remaining news conferences, radio and TV people would meet with Starr first, then he would see the print media people one by one. The entire news conference lasts about 30 minutes, which would allow the writers only a few minutes apiece with Starr.

As in Thomas' case, the Packers' owners have rallied to Starr's defense. In this case, however, the owners are the citizens of Green Bay, hundreds of whom have stock in the team. The newspapers that printed the Duane Thomas story have been showered with letters and phone calls, some abusive, describing the Packers as villains and traitors.

There is something terribly wrong if newsmen working conscientiously at their craft are considered traitors. And for that matter, Thomas and Starr are not really villains, either: just frustrated men who, for a moment anyway, failed to act gracefully under pressure.

AND IF YOU SEE 700 BLUE LIGHTS, IT'S THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
Cy Young Award winner Ron Gundry of the New York Yankees often knows when he owns an opposing batsman by the look of fear in his eyes. When it comes



to reading eyes, Gundry is a champ from way back. Recently he invited several of his Yankee teammates to his home in Lafayette, La., to go frog hunting, a sport in which the eyes definitely have it. And they can keep it.

It's no wonder that none of his teammates accepted Gundry's offer, after his remarkably descriptive report about what to look for on a frog hunt. To start with, Gundry explained, three men set out in a progue in the dead of night; one to hold the light, another to steer, and a third to jump in naked after the frogs.

"If you see two blue lights coming at you," says Gundry, "and the lights are far apart, it isn't a frog, it's an alligator."

continued



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so stay in your pirogue. Also, if you see four lights coming closer, don't move. It's a frog, all right, but a frog sitting on a water moccasin."

Gudry didn't say whether he would be the one to hold the light, steer the boat, or do the jumping. But it's hard to imagine that anyone who would leap stark naked into a swamp in the middle of the night would let the odd cotton-mouth bother him.

LIP SERVICE

Loose lips may not sink ships anymore, but they almost torpedoed Georgia Tech's football team in its game with Florida on Oct. 28. With a little more than six minutes remaining in the third quarter and Florida leading 10-3, Tech was at the Gators' 37-yard line, fourth down, a yard to go. A Tech substitute entered the game just before the Yellow Jackets lined up in punt formation, and that substitute brought in a play he transmitted to his teammates in the huddle.

Little did the player know that as he spoke, Yancey Sutton, a sophomore linebacker for Florida who has been deaf since childhood, was reading his lips. What Sutton read was, "Fake punt, run left." He raced over to Florida Linebacker James Harrell and Defensive Back Warren Gaffney and warned them, "Run left! Run left!"

The Tech back running left was nailed in his tracks by Gaffney, who was waiting for him behind the line of scrimmage.

The Gators took over and drove to the Yellow Jackets' two, but failed to score and wound up on the short end of a 17-13 score—losing one for the lipper, you might say.

FLYING THE FRIENDLY SKIES

Of the 100,000 species of butterflies in the world, only a few migrate. One of these, the monarch, flutters southward to Mexico City by the millions in late September, its orange, brown and black wings forming a cloudlike effulgence in the sky. This year, 76 monarchs whose life cycle was being studied in a biology class at the University of Delaware did not get their wings until the end of October. By then the temperature was dipping below 50°, which is the point at which the monarch's wings cease to function. Dr. Robert Stegner, whose class was responsible for the butterflies' late departure, posted an appeal for a ride South for the monarchs. Even for a col-

lege ride board, the request must have seemed a bit bizarre: 76 BUTTERFLIES; BIOLOGY MAJORS; GOING TO FORT LAUDERDALE UNIV. WEATHER SHAPES LP; WILL PAY FOR GAS.

No ride was forthcoming, but when Stegner heard that the football team was headed for Charleston, S.C. for a game with The Citadel, he got the monarchs on board the Fightin' Blue Hens' charter flight. In Charleston, the monarchs went for the sky, and the Fightin' Blue Hens went for the skillet, losing 21-14.

NOT SO PLACID

There is a hint of trouble in the crisp air of Lake Placid, N.Y., where a lot of construction and paper shuffling is going on in preparation for the 1980 Winter Olympics. Sky Racing magazine reports that the projected budget for the Lake Placid Games has gone from \$80 million to \$150 million and will almost certainly go higher, and that the Federal Government, whose stake in the event is already in excess of \$50 million, will be called upon to tack in more money. The Economic Development Administration, which audits Lake Placid spending, has said there is a need for an additional \$14 million to complete construction already under way, and Lake Placid officials have asked the government for the money.

Meanwhile, the EDA has confirmed that it is investigating "apparent irregularities" in the awarding of construction contracts as well as indications of nepotism, overstaffing and expense-account padding. Lake Placid officials privately concede that they may have done some overhiring, but they otherwise defend practices that the EDA calls questionable. To that end, the Lake Placid Olympic Committee called a press conference last week to state publicly that it is acting in good faith.

Typical of the LPOC response to the EDA revelations is the fact that some committee officials have ignored recommendations that they fly economy-class, unless traveling first-class is "absolutely necessary." One Lake Placid source argues, "If our president is traveling with the president of the United States Olympic Committee and the American IOC member, and they fly first-class, is he going to separate himself from them?"

The prevailing view in Lake Placid is that the EDA is engaged in a power play to get control over the Olympic purse strings. And indeed, the investigation—

so far anyway—seems to be of nickel-and-dime proportions. But Washington's vigilance should be encouraged. On top of federal outlays for the Lake Placid and Los Angeles Games, Congress last month passed a \$16 million appropriation to beef up the USOC's development programs. Maybe all three of those gentlemen should have flown economy.

FIY TO BE TIED

Over the years nearly 17% of all National Hockey League regular-season games have ended in ties. So far this season the figure has been running closer to 25%, and one night four of the six games played were ties. Although the percentage will almost certainly come down as the season goes on, it has been clear for some time that weaker NHL teams are often content to play for a tie. The typical scenario is that such a team plays over its head to hold a rival even, then hangs on in the closing minutes by such uninspired means as dumping the puck repeatedly into the other team's zone.

Some NHL officials defend play-for-a-tie tactics, arguing that home crowds are rewarded with ties that probably would become losses if the NHL had overtime play. It is hard to believe that anybody is really pleased with a tie. At any rate, blatant stalling tactics deaden the very stage of the game—the closing minutes—that should be the most exciting.

An obvious answer is the sudden-death, 10-minute-limit overtime period used during the regular season by the rival World Hockey Association. In theory, a team can still play for a tie in the closing minutes of overtime, but things don't usually work out that way. In the WHA's six-year history less than 5% of all games played have ended in ties.

THEY SAID IT

● Rick Venturi, Northwestern football coach, after his team was beaten 63-20 by Ohio State: "The only difference between me and General Custer is that I had to watch the films on Sunday."

● Jimmy Dickey, Kansas State football coach, asked to compare the 1971 and 1978 Oklahoma teams: "It's kind of like comparing the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They'll both drown you."

● Wendell Mosley, Texas Southern football coach, describing his team's 22-16 loss to Grambling: "Grambling was 14 points ahead before I could get my headset on."

END



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A LIONIZED

The sports columnist of the Penn State *Daily Collegian*, forgive him his youth, took Penn State's classy fans to task last week. Penn State's classy fans sometimes cheer as if they were at the opera, and are known to garnish their pregame tailgate parties with platters of prosciutto, thinly sliced and



DEFENSE

Penn State stopped Maryland 27-3 in the showdown of unbeaten as the Nittany Lions held the Tarps to minus 32 yards on the ground and stole five passes **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

rolled, and imported champagne. But the College's editorialist didn't give the fans credit for that. He said they were "humdrum" and "mellow" (maybe it's the champagne) and so "passive" that they complain when somebody stands up for the kickoff.

He asked, "When was the last time *continued*



you saw anything resembling a standing ovation when the defense came off the field? It's only No. 1 [in the country] against the rush, that's all."

He said it was time they woke up.

He said it was time "for this place to start to rock."

Well, the Penn State fans stood up for the defense last week. They stood up 78,019 strong, those among that record number not pulling for Maryland, and rocked Beaver Stadium as the defense stuffed the Maryland offense like a sausage. And they stood up for the offense, too, as it rattled the Maryland defense, rated fourth best in the country, for 444 yards, or about twice its usual yield.

And they stood up waving signs that said SOONERS OR LATER, WE'RE GONNA GET YOU and threw oranges (for playing Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, get it?) onto the field whenever the offense riddled or the defense stuffed. If a body didn't have *The Daily Collegian* to tell him how blasé they are, one would have to say it looked suspiciously like the Penn State fans had been saving themselves.

For now it is November, and the promise that budded in early fall is coming close to fruition. Because, for sure, the wide-awake Penn State football team is casting a lengthening shadow as it arrives on the threshold of what could be its first national championship, whether Joe Paterno admits it or not.

(You remember Joe, of course, Penn State's brilliant but low-pitched coach who wouldn't say "national championship" even if it were the password out of a Siberian labor camp. Joe will now admit, however, that this is the best Penn State team he ever had and it is "in a good position for all the marbles." Marbles are what you have lost if you don't think Joe would like that. Just for fun.)

On a day so perfect for football—crisp blue skies, clattering russet leaves among the smorgasbords in the parking lots—that it cleared your sinuses just walking into it, the No. 2 Lions walloped No. 5 Maryland, 27-3. Thus they got their 17th straight win but, more important, Penn State slammed the ball into No. 1 Oklahoma's court.

Oklahoma, the only other undefeated major college team, plays No. 4 Nebraska this week in Lincoln. If Oklahoma wins, it virtually clinches the Big Eight championship and an Orange Bowl trip as the host team. That would result in a showdown with Penn State, providing

the Lions do not clutch against North Carolina State this Saturday, or Pittsburgh on Nov. 25. An Oklahoma loss would only multiply Penn State's bowl possibilities, assuming the Lions then move up to No. 1 (and why not?). This prospect brought scouts from five bowls to State College, Pa., mingling like angeworms in a jar and eyeing each other warily.

One of them was the onetime Oklahoma halfback and Heisman Trophy winner Billy Vessels, scouting for the Orange Bowl. Vessels (impartially, of course) said an Oklahoma-Penn State game would be a lulu because Billy Sims, the eight-yards-a-carry Sooner halfback, "runs at tackles." Penn State's tackles are Matt Millen and Bruce Clark, the most fearsome twosome in college football. Furthermore, said Vessels, he didn't think Oklahoma "protected all that well" against the pass, and Penn State has Chuck Fusina, the quarterback everybody east of Stanford's Steve Dils says is the best passer in the nation. Fusina himself is a hot Heisman candidate.

Here's how to judge Fusina: he passed for 234 yards against the Terrapins, completing 15 of 29, one a 63-yard touchdown strike—and he had an off day.

Since a pivotal early victory over Ohio State, Fusina has had available more and more pass routes in the Penn State flight plan. Against Maryland, he was able to use a full complement, getting completions to his tight end, split end, two flankers and three running backs.

To test him, Maryland needed a fierce pass rush, as does anyone hoping to hamper a good passer. Ordinarily, the Terps get the rush, because they are tenacious and tough enough to manhandle opposing lines. But Paterno said beforehand he didn't believe Maryland could beat his offensive line. And if it couldn't, Fusina would have a big day.

Maryland couldn't. Fusina could have knitted a sweater while he waited for his receivers to get open. Curiously, all that time occasionally seemed to hurt more than help because the longer he waited for the best angles the more he seemed to overshoot receivers. And Fusina's frequent play changes in the line of scrimmage often went unheard in the din and caused a spate of Penn State penalties. Still, Fusina managed to check off successfully often enough that he was able to get more production out of his runners than Paterno had hoped.

The first Lion offensive play of the game was a screen to Fullback Matt Suhey off a double fake and it got Penn State started on a drive that led to Matt Bahr's 16th field goal of the year, a 33-yarder. Late in the first quarter a 34-yard run off a trap play by Tailback Mike Guman was called at the line to set up a one-yard Fusina drive for a touchdown that made it 10-0. And in the second quarter a sensational leaping, left-handed catch by Flanker Bob Bassett, also on a check-off, set up Bahr's 44-yard field goal for a 13-3 halftime score.

But the clincher was an apt demonstration of why Paterno calls Fusina the best long passer he has had. Midway through the third quarter, Fusina hit Flanker Tom Donovan deep up the middle on a pattern in which Donovan was actually acting as a decoy. Donovan's job was to clear the middle deep, for the primary receivers. But in so doing, he got a step on the defensive end dropping back to cover, and when the Maryland cornerback didn't support, Fusina saw it and rifled the ball 30 yards upfield. The 63-yard touchdown play and Bahr's conversion made the score 20-3, and Maryland was doomed; it could have played a week without making up such a deficit against the Penn State defense.

How good is Penn State? Well, how good does it have to be? It is possible that the Nittany Lions have reached that sublime state in a superior team's life when its ability to deliver is consistent with its needs.

"There comes a time," says Paterno, "when a team realizes how good it is, not only knowing it can win but doing the things it takes when it has to." He says he felt this happening in the first quarter against Ohio State, at least defensively. Fusina believes the offense caught up to the defense in the first half against Kentucky, when the Lions were methodically devastating en route to a 30-0 victory. He says that since then they had treaded water, winning over lesser foes, but that the beat was still there. Two or three of the younger players, disturbed by wins that were merely wins, not blowouts, came to Paterno before the Maryland game, wanting to have a team meeting. "I told them, 'What for? We'll be all right. We're going good. You have that kind of meeting when you're not going good.'"

Of course, Penn State could still lose one or both of those last two games.

Stranger things have happened. Maryland Coach Jerry Claiborne noted two days before the game that the Lions had a recent history of falling on their ranked noses after beating his Terps, which they have now done 12 straight times under Paterno. After the last three Maryland games, Penn State lost the next week.

"What I'd like to do," said Claiborne, "is play them a week after we play them."

When you begin to answer how good Penn State is, you cannot but begin with the defense because it is a bona fide monolith. If there is a better one in the country, says Claiborne, he doesn't want to see it. Neither does Steve Atkins, his star (119 yards a game) running back, or Tim O'Hare, his Cinderella quarterback.

Atkins, like all Maryland players under Claiborne, has been introduced to psycho-cybernetics, the mind-conditioning exercises in which you picture what you are supposed to do over and over until it translates into physical action. If Atkins pictured this, he is a world-class masochist: tackles Clark and Millen and Middle Guard Greg Jones penetrating and closing his lanes, or holding their ground so that a backwash could not be created to allow him room to free-lance; linebackers Paul Suhey and Lance Mehl filling so quickly, and ends Larry Kubin and Joe Lally pressuring so totally that the store went broke before the front door could be opened.

Atkins was held to 38 yards in 18 carries. He never made a run longer than six yards. Psycho-cybernetics or not, he never even looked like he would make a run longer than six yards. Counting Penn State quarterback sacks—there were 10, and another dozen were barely averted—the Maryland rushing game totaled a grand minus of 32 yards.

The sacks were mainly O'Hare's cross to bear. O'Hare is a fifth-year student who had never won a letter and got the job this year on sheer persistence and quick, scrambling feet. He said before the game he was looking forward to a comparison "with a Heisman Trophy candidate." He knew he wasn't one himself, but that he "loved to pass" and thought a duel with Fusina would be fun. He never knew what hit him. Kubin alone had three sacks, and the pressure was so great O'Hare seldom had the time to enjoy the view downfield. On those rare occasions in which he, or his 6' 7" sophomore replacement, Mike Tice, did manage to launch a ball, a second-story man cum

safety named Pete Harris would materialize in front of the Maryland receivers and pick it off. Franco's younger brother intercepted three times to give him nine for the year.

O'Hare simply never had a chance. The first time he scrambled, an opening was quickly filled by 260 pounds of Clark. The first two times he passed, he had 256 pounds of Millen suffocating his living space. It was not nice work, and you wouldn't want it if you could get it.

Closeted with his team after the game, Paterno stood on a bench and waved for attention, and then conceded, "That wasn't bad."

Greeted with hoots at this, he held up his hands and grinned again and said, "All right. O.K. You did just fine. But you've got to remember, there's still some things we have to do. Don't get cocky.

We're not there yet. But if you play this way the next two games, everything will take care of itself."

As is his custom, Paterno walked home from the stadium. He was amazed, he said, that there were still people in the parking lots, munching and sipping and throwing oranges. They stopped him for autographs and clapped him on the back, and when he got home his 12-year-old son David, who had watched the game on television because of a cold, matter-of-factly reported that ABC had shown a replay of the previous night's pep rally at which Paterno made a rousing speech.

"Yeah, well, how'd I do?" Paterno asked.

"To tell you the truth, Dad, you looked bombed."

The Daily Collegian ought to get on David's case.

END

Matt Baehr kicked two field goals, the second set up by Holder Bob Bassett with a nifty reception



C'MON, FLAMES, Y'ALL LIGHT MAH FIRE

Last week a scandal of sorts was averted in the National Hockey League when an unannounced saliva test ordered by President John Ziegler revealed that the massive Atlanta Flames had not, in fact, been eating hay at their training meals. A visibly relieved Ziegler stated, "We found some traces of oats and barley, yes, but there was no evidence of hay. Absolutely none."

So, just what has gotten into the Flames? After being ignominiously dispatched from the Stanley Cup playoffs in two straight games by Detroit last spring, Atlanta got off to the third-best start in NHL history this season, tying its first two games and then winning 10 straight before Montreal put out the Flames' flame Saturday night, beating them 4-2 at the Forum with three power-play goals and one empty-net score.

Nonetheless, Atlanta has the best record in hockey. The Flames have not only won, but they have also won convincingly. Four of their 10 victories came against the league's elite—Montreal, the New York Islanders and Philadelphia twice. Seven were decided by three or more goals. None was decided by one goal. And goaltender Don Bouchar had back-to-back shutouts against Philadelphia and Pittsburgh last week. For their first 13 games the Flames averaged 4.92 goals while giving up 2.61. Six of those games were played on the road, and in six of the 13 the opposition scored the first goal. The Atlanta Flames, who had the seventh-best record in the 18-team NHL last season, are no fluke.

The Flames are the NHL's youngest and biggest team. This is no accident. "In 1973 we took a look at the success the Flyers were having," says Atlanta General Manager Cliff Fletcher, "and decided right then and there to keep our draft choices—not trade them away—and go with size in the draft. We've stuck to that."

The results make up the heart of the Flames' stable—er, roster—which averages 6' 1", 193 pounds per man despite the presence of the league's smallest player, 5' 5", 155-pound Center Bobby Lacombe. In 1973 Fletcher drafted forwards Tom Lysiak (6' 1", 195), Eric Vail (6' 2", 210) and Ken Houston (6' 2", 207). The next year he chose 6' 4", 210-pound Defenseman Pat Ribble, and in 1975 he

Hockey's hottest team is the big, young Atlanta Flames, and they may well put a match to the Georgia city's tag of 'Losersville, U.S.A.' **by E. M. SWIFT**

picked 6' 3", 211-pound Right Wing Willi Plett. In 1976 he found an even bigger forward, 6' 3", 220-pound Harold Philipoff. This year the Flames' preferred monster was a 6' 2½", 210-pound Clark Kent look-alike named Brad Marsh, who plays defense.

Marsh and Lysiak came directly to the Flames—no time in the minor leagues—and Lysiak has become the team captain and all-time leading scorer; he scored three goals in Atlanta's four games last week and has nine this season. Vail and Plett became Rookies of the Year. With 13 players who have never skated for another NHL club, the Flames have as good a drafting record as any other team in hockey.

Discussing his team's prowess, Lysiak says, "Our game isn't physical as far as hurting or maiming other players goes, but we try to get in the way of the other team. Intimidation is definitely a part of hockey. This year the other teams are watching our warmups instead of concentrating on their own, thinking, 'Ugh, football club.'"

Atlanta Coach Fred Creighton points out that size is meaningless without strength. During training camp he eliminated hockey's traditional two-a-day sessions—a move many of the Flames credit for their fast start—so his players would have the time and energy to participate in a weight-training program. "It doesn't make sense to work an hour and a half on your lower body and not spend any time from the waist up," Creighton says. "Upper-body strength is very important because hockey is a push-and-shove game. Any good team has got to win the one-on-one situations that come up in the corners, and it stands to reason that the stronger one has the edge."

The line Lysiak centers, with the pug-nacious Plett (13 major penalties last season) on one wing and Ken Houston on the other, depends on those corner confrontations for its success. But it has been the finesse-oriented line of Center Guy

Chouinard and wings Bob MacMillan and Vail that has been most responsible for the Flames' prolific scoring. At one point last week, MacMillan and Chouinard both had 10-game scoring streaks and ranked 1-2 in the league scoring race. With a third line of Philipoff, Lacombe and former Penguin Jean Pronov-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLO



vost, who has scored at least 40 goals in four of the last five years, the Flames have as much firepower as anyone.

The rap against the Flames is that their defense—consisting of non-household names like Greg Fox, Ribble, Dave Shand, Richard Mulhern and Marsh—is too young (average age, 22.8), too inexperienced (average time in NHL, one year) and too obscure and certainly will collapse under pressure. However, as Lysak points out, "When the Flyers won their first Stanley Cup, how many teams would have wanted any one of their defensemen? But they played as a unit and knew what to do with the puck when they got it." So do the young Flames.

Goaltender Bouchard, the last of the original Flames selected by Fletcher in

the 1972 expansion draft, is a prime reason for Atlanta's fast start. Bouchard's play and his reputation as a "delightful flake" have endeared him to Atlanta's many newfound fans. "I'm a loose guy," the goalie admits. "Hypertension kills more people than cancer. I don't want to die." When the offense spluttered briefly last week, Bouchard shut out the Flyers 3-0 (he had 40 saves) and the Penguins 2-0. All told, during the unbeaten streak the Flames were outshot 391-345, a statistic Creighton correctly dismisses as misleading. One of the reasons the Flames are scoring more this year, he says, is that they are cutting down on low-percentage shots.

Still, Creighton isn't ready to say Atlanta will be a Stanley Cup finalist. "I'm

encouraged with what we've done so far," he says. "We thought we'd be better, and we are. But there's too much hockey ahead of us to say we're great. Hockey is a game that lends itself to streaks, and right now we happen to have the hot hand."

Bouchard, though, promised a bit more to Georgia Governor George Busby and the other 14,168 fans who came to the game against the Penguins at the Omni Friday night in order to support the team they are convinced will bury Atlanta's reputation as "Loversville, U.S.A." Accepting the Player-of-the-Month award, Bouchard said in his best French-Canadian drawl, "Thank you very much. We'll keep winning for y'all."

Pass the hay.

END

Lysak caters Atlanta's biggest line and has scored nine goals.



Defenseman Marsh muscled Bobby Clarke away from Bouchard.





Lenny Wilkens has another lotful of miracles

In defiance of the law of gravity, the Seattle SuperSonics, whom you may recall as having soared nearly all the way up during last spring's NBA playoffs, have resolutely refused to come down. In fact, if early warnings are any indication, the entire Pacific Division—which appeared to be doomed to slide into the ocean, what with player defections, lineup changes, injured rock-and-roll drummers and the corpse of the Buffalo Braves polluting the neighborhood down in San Diego—seems once again to be head and goggles above the rest of the league.

Last week, for instance, there were the Los Angeles Lakers of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Stormin' Norman Nixon enjoying a five-game home winning streak. There were the Golden State Warriors led by their new guard, John Lucas, enjoying a five-game road winning streak. And there was Lloyd (Prince of Mid-World)—or is it (All-Air!)—Free heaving in approximately 7,000 points for the San-Buffalo Clippers. The Clippers, who are in last place in the Pacific, had already won five games, or nearly as many as the first-place teams in the other divisions. Which merely adds luster to the Sonics' record. Seattle was 9-1 out of the box—and it plays nine of its next 11 games in the friendly unconfines of the Kingdom.

There are a number of ways to determine just how far the Sonics have come, now that they are clearly one of the best-coached, best-balanced and least-crazed units in professional basketball. One can compare them with the

THE SONICS KEEP THEIR GARDE UP

Everything was supposed to fall apart in Seattle with Marvin Webster gone, but Tommy LaGarde has been a revelation at center as the Sonics continue to win
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

frantic and disorganized Bill Russell-coached teams or the Slick Watts teams, which were basically the same thing. One can point to last season at this time when the Sonics were 2-8 on the way to 5-17, which led to the coaching change from Bob Hopkins to Lenny Wilkens. Or one can even isolate on the NBA finals last June into which the Sonics, 42-18 under Wilkens, zoomed after defeating Los Angeles, Portland and Denver in the preliminary rounds.

When the Washington Bullets beat Seattle in the seventh game of the championship series, many felt that justice had been served, that the Sonics were merely a group of average players who had rallied around a monster center, Marvin Webster, and had happened to hit a hot spell at just the right time. Surely after the team lost free agent Webster, the Sonics would all return to journeymanhood and the franchise would disappear under one of Seattle's floating bridges.

Well, it has become evident that these Sonics are virtually the same as *those* Sonics, and Marvin Webster didn't make them, they made him. Winning all those games and advancing through all those playoff rounds built trust and respect and a mutual confidence that one man's leave-taking could not erase—even if that man was the Human Eraser himself.

"I wish Marvin well," Wilkens says of the departed Webster, "but the truth is, he was a luxury for us. We're playing better without him. We're quicker, we have more depth and flexibility. My biggest problem is convincing these guys they can't expect to walk out on the floor and just blow people out."

Put another way—specifically by Seattle's Dennis Johnson, the 6'4" defensive specialist who became a star in the playoffs—"What is the surprise? Everybody on this club made everybody else. I wouldn't have got to do what I got to

do last spring without everybody getting in on it."

Needless to say, the Sonics are ecstatic about their two new players. With 6'10", 230-pound Tom LaGarde, who was an embarrassed cripple as a rookie at Denver last season, replacing Webster, and with 6'8", 245-pound Lonnie Shelton, who came out from New York as part of the compensation for Webster, filling in as a backup forward, the team doesn't miss a beat. Make that a beating. When 6'11", 230-pound Jack Sikma, last year's rookie find, thrashes around underneath with LaGarde and Shelton, the Sonic lineup appears to have been designed by some savvy engineer out at Boeing.

Mainly because of this trio, plus veteran Paul Silas, the Sonics have averaged 51.4 rebounds a game and have by far the leading rebounding differential in the league. Primarily because of their defense—the Sonics are the only NBA team holding opponents under 100 points a game (95.8)—Seattle also is way ahead of the league in point differentials.

In their first six victories, the Sonics led an amazing 90% of the minutes played and were never behind in a fourth quarter. All of this made the team so full of itself ("The Green Wave keeps rollin' over 'em," Gus Williams said) that the Sonics grew careless: they led 14-4 at San Diego before falling asleep and losing for the first—and only—time. Now they have become so confident they are winning in spite of themselves.

In two games last week Dennis Johnson, the team's leading scorer, missed 15 of 21 shots. In the fading seconds of a brutally tight game in Detroit, first Johnson traveled and then Fred Brown dropped-kicked the ball out of bounds with no defender within six feet of either. And at New Jersey the team committed 14 turnovers in the first quarter. Nonetheless,

Seattle came away with two cherished road victories, 94-93 and 102-81, because the speedy Williams—the third man in Seattle's rotating-guard system—quick-footed it to the rescue with 19 and 27 points.

"They know how to win on a bad night and that's why they're champions," said Piston Coach Dick Vitale, momentarily forgetting himself, which is not all bad when a man coaches the Pistons.

"Their confidence makes them 25 to 30% better than last year," said Net Coach Kevin Loughery.

On closer inspection, the Sonics are a fine blend of experience (Silas, called "35" by his teammates out of disrespect for his age, is in his 15th NBA season) and youth (LaGarde's infantile appearance gets him "carded" in drinking establishments), of give and solidarity, of shooters, passers, rebounders and defenders. Especially defenders. Blocked shots by Sikma and Dennis Johnson helped save the Detroit game. Against the Nets, John Johnson and, again, Dennis Johnson, embarrassed the New Jersey scorers, Bernard King and John Williamson, by harassing them into a combined nine-for-33 shooting night. Above all, the Sonics are consummate role-players. What Silas says about newly acquired veteran Guard Dick Snyder holds true for all Sonics: "Dick knows how not to deviate from his role."

The most pleasant surprise of the young season is the role LaGarde has played in the middle. As a collegian in North Carolina, LaGarde was hard-pressed to draw attention from the likes of Mitch Kupchak, Walter Davis and Phil Ford. Then in his senior year he tore up his knee and missed the Tar Heels' run at the national championship (without him, they finished second). Several pro teams shied away from LaGarde because of the knee, probably only because Nugget Coach Larry Brown is a Carolina man did LaGarde wind up in Denver. But the knee never came around, and LaGarde suffered through a terrible season both mentally and physically.

"Basketball has always been a key to how I felt about myself," LaGarde says. "When I lost my quickness and jumping ability, I forgot how to play. I wasn't an athlete anymore. I felt I was nothing."

Seattle, which had obtained Webster from Denver the previous year, gave up its first-round draft choice for LaGarde,



LaGarde's knee has healed and he is showing his 6' 10" 230-pound frame around to good effect.

thinking of him as a backup for the Eraser. While Webster spent the summer contemplating Gulf+Western's zillions, LaGarde rehabilitated his knee. And he became a basketball player again, shocking the apprehensive Sonics with his talent. "I heard he wasn't a player," says Brown. "Imagine my surprise."

Not to mention the surprise of others who saw LaGarde outplay Webster in Madison Square Garden in a 120-109 victory or who witnessed his 32-point performance against San Antonio in a 133-117 romp.

LaGarde is a player. First of all, his perpetually blank, fishmouth expression hides a savvy mind and sharp instincts. Although LaGarde can hit the 12-foot jumper, he prefers to drive in close, where he is much quicker than most

NBA centers. He is a deceptive shot-blocker. He has running and jumping skills similar to those of his college teammate, Kupchak, now a Washington Bullets. Wilkens says that on good legs LaGarde can be better than Kupchak.

"I see Tommy in the Dave Cowens mold," says Silas. "He does the same type of things. Great leaper. Nice touch. Intelligent. Aggressive. Unaware of anybody or anything inside. You got to like him. Tommy will be an outstanding player in this league for a long time."

"He's playing now the way everybody thought he could before the knee," says the Nets' Loughery.

Which is ironic simply because the Sonics are playing the way everybody thought they *couldn't* before Tom LaGarde.

IT COULD BE DOOMSDAY FOR DALLAS

This was the season the Dallas Cowboys were supposed to be undefeated, united, unscored upon and under orders from NFL headquarters to hold the score down. And when the defending Super Bowl champions opened the season on Monday night TV by rolling up 583 yards of total offense and routing Baltimore 38-0, white flags were waving all over the league. In fact, it seemed that first week in September that the Cowboys' biggest problem would be to find a way to cram more diamonds on the 1979 Super Bowl ring than the 28 they have on the 1978 model.

Or so everyone thought. Instead, Tony

Beset by troubles, the Super Bowl champion Cowboys lost their fourth game, to Miami, and now face a fight just to make the playoffs by **JOE MARSHALL**

Dorsett, Roger Staubach, Harvey Martin, Ed Jones, Randy White, Drew Pearson and all those other All-Planet Cowboys began to go bump in the day as well as in the night. Last Sunday in the Orange Bowl, the Miami Dolphins handed supposedly invincible Dallas its second straight defeat, 23-16.

Thus left the Cowboys with a 6-4 record, and if the season had ended Sunday, they would not have qualified for the playoffs. With the expanded format

this season, which gives each conference an extra wild-card spot, a team needs little more than two box tops and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to get into the playoffs. The Cowboys have yet to beat a legitimate contender, having lost to the Rams, Redskins and Vikings before the Dolphins. They barely scraped past Philadelphia and needed an overtime to beat downtrodden St. Louis. And with the Patriots, the Packers and a rematch with the Redskins ahead on the schedule, the forecast for Dallas may well be Doomsday.

The Cowboys never gave themselves a chance against the Dolphins, who extended their record to 7-3 while remaining within a game of first-place New England in the AFC East. Two weeks ago Dallas was losing to Minnesota 14-0 before it had run off its fifth play from scrimmage. On Sunday Dallas was losing to the Dolphins 14-0 before it had run off its third play. And in each game it was a Dorsett fumble on Dallas' first series that set up the opposition's second touchdown and put the Cowboys in a nearly hopeless situation.

Down 20-3 to Miami at the half, the Cowboys clawed and scratched the rest of the game, just as they will have to do for the last six games of the season. Rafael Septien matched Garo Yepremian's three field goals, and when Staubach passed to Billy Joe DuPree for Dallas' first—and only—touchdown with 4:44 left in the game, Dallas suddenly was dreaming about overtime.

Forget it. On the Cowboys' next possession DuPree fumbled a pass reception at the Miami 31, and Norris Thomas recovered for Miami. On the sideline Dallas Coach Tom Landry turned and threw up his arms in disgust. Dallas got the ball once more, but on its last play Staubach's desperation pass from the Miami 39 was intercepted by Charlie Babb near the Dolphin goal line.

As they left the Orange Bowl, the be-

Dorsett has taken reps from opponents as well as some teammates who are critical of his attitude



dragged Cowboys were a long shot to be back in Miami for Super Bowl XIII on January 21.

The Cowboys' problems this dreadful season have led to a lot of theorizing and allying in Dallas, with only the Cowboy cheerleaders escaping blame for the team's sorry record. Here are some of the most popular theories:

- "WE DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE. JUST KEEP SAYING ALL THOSE WONDERFUL THINGS ABOUT US." This is the favorite of the Cowboy players, who admit that they have been overconfident. How can you blame them? They were lopsided winners over Denver in Super Bowl XII after ranking first in the NFL both offensively and defensively. In the off-season their two top NFC East rivals, Washington and St. Louis, appeared to self-destruct. The Redskins fired Coach George Allen, and the Cardinals went one better, firing Coach Don Coryell and also ridding themselves of such top players as Terry Metcalf and Conrad Dobler.

"We haven't played with enough intensity," says Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm, "and I think it's because we haven't had enough concern for our opponents."

Linebacker D. D. Lewis, the team's defensive co-captain, agrees with Schramm. "Sometimes it seems like we're just complacent as hell," he says. "We've got to get meaner on the field and not take any crap off other teams." Lewis cited the L.A. game in which he says Ram Linebacker Isiah Robertson repeatedly spit on Cowboy players, without retaliation. "That showed us where we were mentally," says Lewis. "If we'd wanted that game badly, we'd have been so fired up we'd have attacked Robertson."

- "THOSE SUPER BOWL RINGS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE." The Cowboys are not yet rid of disension, but the combination of complacency and losses has brought tension. Running Back Preston Pearson, for one, has pointed a finger at his teammates. "This team is too passive," he says. "People are intimidating us physically and jawboning at us, and we're not responding. If they want to continue to take all this and play passive football, then I don't want to be part of this team."



Dallas' rusted offensive line has rarely afforded Staub enough time to set up and pass.

Other Cowboys, mostly veterans, bristled when some of their younger teammates turned charter flights home from the Washington and Los Angeles losses into disco parties with loud music from their cassette players. On each flight the pilot had to tell the players over the PA system that he couldn't land until they stopped socializing and took their seats. As one old Cowboy said, "It used to be pretty quiet coming home from a loss."

- "GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR, YOUR CRIPPLED AND YOUR RETIRED ALL-PRUS." Miraculously, last year the Cowboys didn't make a single roster change because of an injury after the start of the season. This year they have already lost Running Back Doug Dennison and Tight End Jay Saldi for the year. Center John Fitzgerald sat out two games with a bad back, and cornerbacks Benny Barnes and Mark Washington have lost playing time with assorted leg injuries. So has All-Pro Defensive End Harvey Martin, while Linebacker Thomas Henderson, who had hepatitis in the off-season and missed most of training camp, seldom plays on special teams, where he used to be a stand-out, because of ankle and hamstring injuries. The Cowboys also miss All-Pro Tackle Ralph Neely, who retired after last season.

The Dallas special teams have been the hardest hit. Their chief kamikazes—Saldi, Barnes and Henderson—are all useless or ineffective as a result of their ailments. When Dennison, a kickoff return man, damaged a knee, he was replaced by Larry Brinson. Brinson promptly fumbled the opening kickoff in



Easy, Tom, easy. Don't blame it on the towel!

continued

the Minnesota game, setting up the Vikings' first touchdown and giving them a lead they never relinquished.

• **"THIS OFFENSIVE LINE CAN'T BLOCK A RAT."** The offensive linemen take exception, pointing out that Dallas leads the NFC in rushing while averaging more yards per rush and yielding fewer sacks than it did in 1977. Nevertheless, if the Cowboys have an Achilles' heel, it is their offensive line. Dallas is averaging 155 yards per game on the ground, but it has averaged less than 100 in its four losses. Against Miami the Cowboys had just 89 yards rushing, their poorest output of the season. The inconsistency of the running attack—Dorsett averaged 112.5 yards rushing in Dallas' first four games but has averaged just 33.8 yards for the last four—has forced Staubach to go to the air all too frequently, often with disastrous consequences.

Before the season started, the Cowboys were predicting All-Pro status for Tackle Pat Donovan, 25, and Guard Tom Rafferty, 24. Then Landry stopped shutting plays with his wide receivers and

put Rafferty and Burton Lawless to work as messenger guards. Rafferty's play has suffered. Meanwhile, Donovan was moved to the more difficult left side as Neely's replacement, and he has not been as effective as he was a year ago. Donovan's old spot was taken by Andy Frederick, 24, but he couldn't do the job and had to be replaced by Rayfield Wright, 33, once an All-Pro but now gamely trying to recover from knee surgery.

• **"THERE'S A LEAGUE-WIDE CONSPIRACY TO GET THE COWBOYS."** This is the favorite of the Xs and Os crowd, which likes to argue that the rule change prohibiting the bumping of a receiver once he is more than five yards beyond the line of scrimmage has hurt the Cowboys more than any other team. "The philosophy here has always been to stop the run," says Defensive Backfield Coach Gene Stallings. "That means we have played our cornerbacks and safeties in close to the line. In the past we could get away with this because we bumped the receivers as much as any team in the league."

Statistics reveal that so far this season the Cowboys have given up almost twice as much passing yardage as they did over the same period last season, and they have intercepted six fewer passes. On Sunday, Miami quarterback Bob Griese completed nine of 11 first-quarter passes for 159 yards.

• **"DOGS, WE FORGOT THE 22 TRAP."** This is the favorite of the Dallas computer, which promised to find an answer to the Cowboys' woes when Landry, apparently in a moment of self-doubt, ordered a reevaluation of his offense and defense after the Viking loss. The Cowboys spliced together film of certain plays and certain defenses in an attempt to determine why they weren't working. This project was headed up by Special Assistant Ernie Allen, who also has the job of evaluating Landry's play-calling. Critics claim that the conservative Landry has been ultraconservative this season. Asked to assess his boss' performance, Allen pleaded the Fifth.

Landry merely said that given the circumstances, he'd be foolish to say he had graded out at 100%. Landry has been known to overlook certain plays that seemed to work in the past. This has raised hopes around Dallas of a season-saving scenario, in which Allen tells Landry he has discovered that the coach has forgotten all year to call Dorsett's favorite play—call it the 22 trap. "Of course," says Landry, clapping a palm to his forehead, "the 22 trap."

No such luck, Cowboy fans. In his film review, Allen reduced the Cowboys' woes to a single word—turnovers. Last year after 10 games, Dallas was plus 11 in this statistic. This year the Cowboys are minus 13—a swing of 24. Playoff teams almost never have more giveaways than takeaways. Particularly disturbing are the contributions of Staubach and Dorsett. Staubach has been intercepted 15 times, up 10 from a year ago. Dorsett has fumbled eight times—and lost six, almost all of them in key situations. Turnovers hurt Dallas against Miami. The Cowboys had five, the Dolphins none.

• **"TONY DORSETT IS A MENACE TO COWBOY SOCIETY"** This gained

continued



Thomas Henderson and Bob Breunig couldn't stop Delvin Williams on his 42-yard run with a Griese pass.

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currency when Dorsett failed to appear for a Saturday morning practice three weeks ago. The next day Landry fined Dorsett and benched him as a starter against the Eagles. Dorsett angrily told reporters after the game that his family had come from Pennsylvania to Dallas to watch him play, that he was humiliated and that a teammate had slept through a practice without such severe punishment. Dorsett was referring to Safety Cliff Harris, who napped while his teammates practiced one day during the exhibition season.

There was a difference, however. Harris, contrite, called the Cowboys the minute he awoke. Dorsett never bothered to phone in, remaining incommunicado until he sauntered into the dressing room shortly before the game. When Harris heard what Dorsett was telling reporters, he hauled him into a locker-room shower to discuss the matter. In Dallas it is well known that if you have to tangle with Cliff Harris, you would be wise to

bring Godzilla along as a tag-team partner. A witness to the shower scene described Dorsett as being "extremely attentive."

This wasn't the first time Dorsett had flouted team rules. In training camp this summer he strolled into a meeting 50 minutes late and, as one coach put it, "didn't seem to give a damn." Dorsett tried to make amends for his tardiness with an emotional apology to his teammates before the Minnesota game. Most Cowboy veterans tend to dismiss Dorsett's problems on the grounds of "immaturity." And some agree with All-Pro Wide Receiver Drew Pearson, who says, "Tony is no problem." But there are other Cowboys who say, "Dorsett's down to his last strike."

• **"WE'VE BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD BEFORE."** This is the favorite of team historians, who point out that in the past, only one team—the 1975 Pittsburgh Steelers—improved its regular-season record the season after it won the Super

Bowl. "When you're a Super Bowl winner, you face a constant battle of playing teams with chips on their shoulders," says Staubach.

Still, Staubach is optimistic. He points out that the first two times the Cowboys went to the Super Bowl, after the 1970 and 1971 seasons, they escaped from midseason holes deeper than the one into which they have now dug themselves. In 1970, Dallas' record fell to 5-4 after a humiliating 38-0 loss to St. Louis on Monday night TV. And in '71 the Cowboys were 4-3 at midseason and badly divided by Landry's practice of alternating Craig Morton and Staubach play by play. Dallas was undefeated the rest of the regular season both years—finishing 10-4 in 1970 and 11-3 in 1971.

Perhaps Landry was also thinking about this when he said before the Miami game, "Sometimes you need a little adversity to be able to respond." Around Dallas, Tom, four losses qualify as a lot of adversity.

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HORSES FOR HIS KINGDOM

by CLIVE GAMMON

Robert Sangster literally has the horses—and he has made good on his threat to shake racing by the neck

Buzzing north from London to Liverpool, the Beechcraft should have had plenty of room for its two passengers, but it's as jammed as a Laker Skytrain in August. Strapped in are antique silver candelabra and on the adjoining seat is a fine pen-and-ink study of Willie Shoemaker. There are some suitcases, a coat one could wear while touring Antarctica and, hemmed in by shoppers, a pair from the fancier London stores, a notably striking Australian lady named Susan.

Regrettably, flying time to Liverpool is under an hour. On the ground, room has to be made for a third passenger, a stocky, mild-featured man, business-suited and briefcase-carrying. Suddenly the Beechcraft cabin becomes a suburban living room just after the 5:45 gets in. "Meeting go well, dear?" Susan asks, implanting a wifely kiss. "Drink?" Willie and the candelabra are moved, tired husband settles in, opens his briefcase and, smiling, produces a sheaf of 10 x 6 color prints. Vacation shots? Graduation portraits? They are not. What they show is a 4-year-old colt named Alleged sailing past the post in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp last month to win the French classic for the second successive year. Aboard is Lester Piggott, foremost of English jockeys, and he is wearing the white, blue and green racing colors of the

man who now looks on indulgently as his wife coos over the prints. That man is Robert Sangster, a 42-year-old English multimillionaire who, just four years ago, made an important resolve.

"I decided," he recalls, as the Beechcraft heads over the Irish Sea, "to get hold of the racing business by the neck and shake it."

As a classic formula for self-destruction this would be hard to beat, especially because Sangster planned to use both inherited and borrowed money. "People stood around to watch me go down in flames, like Lady Beaverbrook," he says, recalling the widow of the great Fleet Street press baron, who lost some of the fortune he left her on dead horses. "Here's an idiot with money," they said about me. 'Let's watch him fall flat on his face.' A lot of people were looking forward to that."

So far they have waited in vain. It would be extremely difficult now to find a knowledgeable voice on either side of the Atlantic to deny that not only has Robert Sangster shaken the racing world, but that the seismic disturbances continue. He has demonstrated that it is possible to trade blood horses on a massive scale as if they were soybean futures or Krugerrands. It is generally conceded that in four years Sangster has attained a position second only to Nelson Bun-

ker Hunt in terms of horseflesh ownership. About \$350 million is the figure he will grab out of the air for you, but he points out that the international market in thoroughbreds has gone up by about 50% in the last year. "You'll have to wait for an executors' meeting for the precise figure," he says wryly. "Irritating that I won't be around to hear it."

The Sangster family fortune stemmed from an idea that Robert's grandfather, Arthur Sangster, had in 1926, which brought together two ruling passions of English sports enthusiasts—soccer and gambling. With three partners and \$800 he set up what came to be called the football pools. For a tiny stake you could win a massive sum (today, it could be more than a million dollars) by forecasting game results correctly. Two years later Arthur died, but his son Vernon bought out the other three men and prospered. These days, maybe 2½ million Englishmen spend Wednesday evenings figuring out their Vernons Pools coupons—another 10 million use other pool companies—and at teatime on Saturdays a great silence falls over the whole nation as the telly announces the soccer scores.

Printing pool coupons turned out to be a license to print money. The cash flowed over into other Vernon enterprises until the company now may have an annual turnover of something like \$500 million. Even so, it must have been a magic moment in the boardroom the day that young Master Robert walked in and requested a little float, maybe \$6 or \$7 million, to launch himself in the horse-trading business.

At 38, though, he had long ago proved himself no spendthrift heir but an astute businessman who was successfully running a large segment of the company. His father, whose homilies about hard work he constantly quotes, had considerable faith in him. Moreover, with an inheritance-tax problem looming over him,

continued

Sangster got himself to a nursery on the Isle of Man where he and wife Susan find the living easy



which would almost certainly compel him to leave England, Robert would have to play a much lesser part in the affairs of Liverpool-based Vernons Horse racing and horse breeding was an international business that could be run from anywhere in the world. And Robert had seen that in spite of the huge sums involved, it was still essentially an amateurish business.

"I'd been involved in racing in a small way for 10 years. I'd seen how mistakes were made," he says. "Then, paradoxically, I realized that if you wanted to enjoy racing and keep a large string, you had to be totally commercial and ruthless unless you wanted to be a complete idiot and pour your money down the drain. I don't get any satisfaction from that."

The Beechcraft is losing height, breaking through the cloud cover so that it is possible to see surf breaking on high sea cliffs, with rolling, pastoral country beyond—the Isle of Man, a 33-mile-long tax haven, midway between England and Ireland. The Sangsters have lived there for three years, so the approach is familiar, and they continue to study the pictures of Alleged. "The odds will be just silly on Saturday," their guest observes. Alleged is meant to be running in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket on the weekend.

"He won't be there," Sangster says. "Sometime in the next six weeks he'll be flying to Kentucky. We've taken a lease on Walmac-Warnerton farm." The figures that follow flit, in a business tone, are more spectacular than the northern mountains of the island just coming into view. Alleged, Sangster says, may be syndicated for \$16 million, a world record, 40 shares at \$400,000 apiece. "He'll stand in the region of \$80,000," Sangster says, "and cover about 40 mares in his first season. Earning capacity at least \$3 million per annum."

The Sangsters live a couple of miles from the little fishing port of Douglas, in a restored nunnery that once housed a community of the Order of St. Bridget. The fine gray mansion is mostly 19th century, but parts of it are Elizabethan. Lawns as emerald as their owner's racing silks glide down to a salmon stream. Copper beeches, ancient chestnut trees and a high stone wall hold the world out. In the dining room, which is hung with Lowrys and a Sidney Nolan portrait of a masked Ned Kelly, Australia's Billy



Sangster's Alleged has won the Arc de Triomphe, the top race in Europe, the past two years

the Kad, talk of Alleged continues.

A late foal, May-born, bred at Claiborne Farm, Ky., leggy, not much to look at in the sale ring, sold privately for \$40,000. As a 2-year-old, shipped to California to a horses-in-training sale, bought by Billy MacDonald, acting for a Sangster syndicate, for \$170,000. "We put him back into the ring again," Sangster recalls over dinner, "and he made \$175,000, so we bought him back. If he had made \$200,000 we would have let him go. The minute the sale was over, a Colorado horseman named Hoss Inman came over and offered MacDonald \$200,000, which I would have thought of as a good day's work. But Billy's an Irish bloodstock agent. He asked \$275,000, and Hoss told him where he could stifle that. So we took him over to Santa Barbara, looked at him again and decided he was an ideal horse for Vincent O'Brien."

When Sangster uses the pronoun "we," it can mean a multitude of things. But his basic "we," in the sense of the assault group he formed four years ago "to take racing by the neck," always includes Vincent O'Brien, perhaps the greatest European horse trainer of our time, 61 years old now, who started as a jump trainer—three Grand National victories, four Cheltenham Gold Cups—and then switched to flat racing, most notably winning five English Derbies. Trainer of, among other superlative animals, Sir Ivor, Nijinsky II, Roberto. Trainer for Charles Engelhard, Raymond Guest and Ogden Phipps, among others.

O'Brien was Sangster's first recruit. "I think Vincent was getting bored," Sangster says. "He had won everything. He was a little tired of owners. He had even reduced the size of his stable before I went to him with my concept. Now it is like a new lease on life for him. No other trainer could have done the job I wanted. I have great admiration for brilliant trainers like Angel Penna and Charles Whittingham, but I believe that Vincent is the greatest horseman in the world, and he is also blessed with an extraordinary business mind."

Sangster's original group also included John Magnier, O'Brien's son-in-law, and Simon Fraser, a Scottish landowner and son of Lord Lovat. Even then Sangster saw clearly that the future lay in supplying his own stallions, in going heavily into the breeding business. Now he has far-reaching interests in stud farms in Ireland, England, France and, most recently, in Kentucky. Also in Australia, one of his great enthusiasms, which he visits at least twice a year. "A magnificent environment for racehorses, for building muscle and bone," Sangster says. "Just needs an infusion of quality blood." One has the feeling he will be doing something about this.

Sangster was off to a flying start that first year, thanks to two inspired yearling purchases—Alleged and The Minstrel. The latter won the English and Irish Derbies before being syndicated for \$9 million in the U.S. last fall. And it was these two horses that taught him an important lesson: that it is a mistake to have

too many part-owners. "Now," he says, "we try to take a majority share—I like to take 40% myself—in every colt. It cuts out arguments."

The Sangster method, from the business point of view, is to buy the very best of colts—especially in America, especially with Northern Dancer blood—race them successfully, then go for the biggest prize of all, which is syndication at stud in the U.S. "This year at Saratoga we spent almost a million and a half dollars on three colts," he says. "Two of them, one a half-brother of Secretariat, one a half-brother of Alleged, have only got to win a stakes race to double their value. If they win a top race, the sky's the limit. Another colt sold for a higher price, but we had already eliminated him on grounds of conformation."

Sangster is well aware that his blitzkrieg tactics at sales—crashing in with all the power of a heavy-money syndicate—have earned him criticism from some racing elements. "We come on like bank raiders, I know," he admits. It is hard to think of Vincent O'Brien, a small, quizzical leprechaun of a man, as a raider, but he is probably the most effective of the group. The team normally numbers about eight—leg men, heart men, conformation men. Two are vets, including Pat Hogan, who also has the reputation of being the finest rider to hounds in Ireland, although that means he is unavailable for raiding during the hunting season.

By now other syndicates have been formed on the Sangster model. But Sangster, if not contemptuous of the threat, is confident. "We are light-years ahead," he says.

And light-years away are sales-ring rivalries on this balmy evening on the Isle of Man. For a man of his millions, Sangster is not addicted to sophisticated pleasures, his one unwelcome burst into the gossip columns happening three years ago when he stole Susan Peacock, now Susan Sangster, away from her husband, now Australia's Foreign Minister. With the dinner plates cleared away, she says domestically, "Won't be late, will you, dear?" This as he and his guest head to a pub for a quick one before closing time.

In the bar of the Palace in Douglas, the locals greet Sangster in a friendly and unsurprised way. He is a local himself, after all, even though he will be away much of the year, in Ireland with

O'Brien, an Australian to look at his horses and to watch the Melbourne Cup, in Hong Kong to look at the new track and in Tehran to look at the even newer one ("What an outlier!" he murmurs. "They'll want at least 100 horses there.") And this month he will be in New York for the launching of the new lottery that Vernons is organizing for New York State, called, with engaging simplicity, "Lotto."

In essence, the lottery is the football pools without the soccer teams. It has long been known in England that the least likely way to win half a million pounds on the pools is by studying form. Because of the pari-mutuel system, the big prizes come up when form is overturned. You are better off making stabs with a pin. Or simply choosing the same numbers each week and sticking with them.

In "Lotto" you choose six numbers out of 40 for a dollar. Your pick goes onto magnetic tape in White Plains, N.Y. and into an on-line computer. The guaranteed weekly first prize is \$250,000. If there is a roll-up jackpot, maybe a million. The odds are extremely long. But

Sangster likes to recall a remark made to him by an Episcopal clergyman from the British Churches' Council on Gambling. "We're both in the same business," the reverend gentleman said. "Selling hope."

But racing is what Sangster is most deeply involved in, and more and more it is plain that his attentions will be directed to the U.S. He says, "Last year I was the leading prizewinner in England. This year I am leading in prize money there and in France. Altogether in Europe last year I won about \$1.2 million. It barely covered my expenses. How others get on I cannot imagine. I feel sorry for them."

The lease on the Kentucky horse farm may prove very significant. "The Americans showed us," Sangster says. "In the '50s and '60s they came to Europe and bought the best of our mares. Now they have the best blood. Kentucky is where the best mares and stallions are, where the management is the best in the world. That is where we will concentrate our efforts from now on."

On form, the results are likely to be explosive.

END

No wonder Sangster is zealous: the 4-year-old Alleged may be syndicated for a record \$16 million.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL SALAS



Kowack, the Wildcats' defensive captain, bones up on gross anatomy with the same intensity with which he rattles bones, but football and studies leave little time for Debbie and Jim Jr.

The Kovach decision may not rank with the Bakke decision, but it is a particularly compelling case in point, the point being that excellence on the gridiron is not antithetical to excellence in the classroom. Jim Kovach, a Phi Beta Kappa, is a first-year student in medical school. He spends as many as 20 hours a day plumbing the mysteries of gross anatomy, histology, biochemistry and conjoint sciences. Ordinarily, med school alone is almost more than a person can handle, so almost everyone at the University of Kentucky was astounded when Kovach decided that he also intended to finish his varsity football career. "Doe," as his teammates call him, is one of the nation's premier linebackers, a 6' 2" 226-pounder who was picked as a preseason All-America.

The Kovach decision might not be all that unusual at some less athletically oriented college where "student-athlete" is more than a public-relations phrase. But Kovach is tackling his academic load at a school where football is anything but a casual diversion. In the Southeastern Conference, coaches have been known to be fired fast if they didn't win, and Kentucky alumni want to win; the Wildcats draw a full house of almost 58,000 every time they play in Lexington. Last season Kentucky was 10-1 and ranked sixth in the AP poll, and the only reason it did not play in a bowl was because it was on NCAA probation for improper recruiting and for giving students extra financial aid and benefits. That is big time. Yet Kovach, with the acquiescence of his coaches, has missed more practices than he has made this fall. While his teammates are out there sweating and grunting and pondering Xs and Os, their defensive captain is more likely to be found in Kentucky's Medical

Center Lab tackling Gray's Anatomy.

A quiet, thoughtful young man, Kovach is well aware of just how special his situation is. He considered it recently during a rare break for dinner at a Lexington restaurant. Usually Kovach stays at the Medical Center and eats a brown-bag supper that his wife Debbie—oh, yes, he also is a husband and the father of a 3-year-old son—picks for him every morning. That saves a little time, and time is precious to Kovach.

"I respect the coaches for suppressing their instincts as coaches and helping me," said Kovach. "Their instincts are for me to practice. After all, their jobs are on the line. Can you imagine me at another major college, saying to another coach that I was going to have to miss most of the practices, and that even when I go I can't work too hard because I have to study? Or that on road trips they will

WHAT'S UP, DOC? NEARLY TOO MUCH

have to send a police car to pick me up from class and hold the team phone 10 minutes or so until I get there?"

Kentucky Coach Fran Curci shrugs off the inconvenience. Part of the reason might be the Wildcats' 3-4-1 season, which would prompt any coach to accommodate an esteemed player.

"We've had the understanding right from the outset that medical school comes first," Curci says. "Anything he needs to do, he does it. He's an exceptional kid. There's not a kid on our team who has the slightest resentment that he misses practice. They respect him for

By skipping practice and studying 18 hours a day, Kentucky's Jim Kovach combines med school with football

by WILLIAM F. REED

continued

what he's doing because nobody else could do it."

The arrangement obviously works hardships not only on Kovach but also on the team, which must practice without a key player. By missing so much time, Kovach isn't the player he could be, as Debbie pointed out to him after the Maryland game early in the season.

"She told me to quit going after a runner's feet and start looking for his body," Kovach says. "That's something I had never done before. It's pretty bad when your wife starts to tell you what you did wrong. When she's right, it's even worse. But when you're practicing so little, the hardest thing is keeping your technique up. You slip into bad habits if you don't do it over and over and over again."

Kovach's most avid supporter, other than Debbie, is Curci. The coach realizes that Kovach, even when he is at less than his best, still is better than most linebackers in the nation. Nevertheless, player and coach had a misunderstanding early in the season, and medical school was at the bottom of it.

During the home opener against Baylor, which the Wildcats won 25-21, Kovach twice called time-outs to check the signals he was getting from the coaches on the sidelines. As a result, Kentucky had no time-outs left late in the game when it desperately needed them to stave off a Baylor comeback. Afterward, Curci said his defensive captain had missed so much practice because of medical school that he had not properly assimilated all the signals and formations. Kovach disagrees.

"Neither of the time-outs had anything to do with medical school or missing practice," he says. "I called the first one because the coaches changed their minds. A player came in and flashed me one sign, a coach flashed me something else. On the second one, I called time out because I couldn't pick up the signal from the sidelines. All our coaches were wearing blue and, as a result, they all blended together."

Because Kovach is up at 7 a.m., generally not home much before 10 p.m. and usually studying until 2 a.m., Debbie and Jim Jr. have barely seen him this fall. "It's been difficult on little Jimmy," she says. "He's such a daddy's boy that he's having a hard time understanding what Jim is doing and where he is and why

he's not home. He's getting used to it, though. At night, I don't care how sound asleep he is, he wakes up when he hears that door open. And Jim gets to talk with him and be with him for a few minutes, at least."

One of the reasons Kovach has survived his grueling regime is that it is not that different from that of his high school years in Parma Heights, Ohio, near Cleveland. His father Joe saw to that. A high school principal, Joe wanted Jim and his older brother David to be athletes, and he coached them in baseball, basketball and football. However, Joe also coached his kids just as hard in hitting the books.

"In high school, I couldn't believe it when I would hear people say they went out on weeknights," Jim says. "I remember getting up and going to school before it was light and coming home after basketball practice when it was dark. I never saw the light of day in high school. At night, I could talk to Debbie on the phone for 15 minutes, then Dad would get on the line and tell me to get back to studying. It was like that every night, but it got me ready for what I'm going through now."

While Jim's father wanted him to be a football player, his mother Sue, a registered nurse, encouraged him to be a doctor. At first, "I just laughed at her," he says, but the more his mother talked about the miracles she saw performed every day in the operating room, the more Jim thought about a medical career. One reason he decided to attend Kentucky was its medical school. Another was that almost nobody else wanted him.

When Jim was going into his senior year, Ohio State and Notre Dame were among the big-time colleges that expressed an interest. But when he was injured that season—"I strained my medial collateral ligament," he says of the knee injury—almost everyone pulled back except Kentucky and Northwestern. "Had it not been for that injury, I probably never would have come to Kentucky," he says. "And if I hadn't come to Kentucky, I probably wouldn't be doing what I'm doing now. This is a case of the right guy, the right coach, the right team and the right place."

By the time he was a junior, Kovach was one of the best linebackers in the SEC. He was so good in 1976, when UK was 7-4 and beat North Carolina 21-0

in the Peach Bowl, that he was named the school's Most Outstanding Athlete. Agents and pro scouts started calling and they managed to turn Kovach's head, at least temporarily. He forgot about becoming a doctor and began thinking, instead, about nothing except pro football. However, another injury—"I displaced my humerus anteriorly," he says, describing his shoulder separation—altered the course of Kovach's life.

On the third play of Kentucky's 1977 season opener against North Carolina, Kovach slipped and fell on his shoulder while defending against a pass. He did not play again until the Wildcats' fifth game, against Mississippi State, when he rejured the shoulder after 13 plays and was declared out for the season. So Kovach had to watch from the bench while the Wildcats rolled to their best season since 1951. Being unable to participate was so depressing for Kovach that he walked out at halftime of the season-ending game against archrival Tennessee.

Figuring his career was over, Kovach concentrated on getting into medical school. Last spring, however, Curci told him that because he had played fewer than two games he had another year of eligibility under a retroactive rule that had just been passed by the NCAA. Kovach began entertaining thoughts of trying to play ball and go to medical school at the same time. For one thing, he could use the scholarship help: books for the first semester alone cost \$300.

Everyone told him he was crazy, that it was impossible to do both, but that was just waving a red flag before Kovach. When he finally informed medical school officials last spring that he intended to play another year of football, they were so surprised and skeptical that they asked him to write a paper about why playing football was so important to him. After it had been reviewed, the medical school admissions committee approved Kovach's application.

It took only a few days of actual experience for Kovach to question the wisdom of his and the admissions committee's decision. The week before Kentucky's season opener at South Carolina—the first week he combined school and practice—Kovach was so tired from studying that he failed, for the first time in his career, to run "gassers," the drills in which linemen are required to sprint the width of the field four times—a so-

tal of 212 yards—in 36 seconds or less.

"I was never so worn out in my life," Kovach says. "I couldn't get my breath. When you miss, you have to run another one, so I did. On the way in, Assistant Coach Charlie Bailey came up to me and said, 'Jimmy, I'm going to help you get through this thing, whatever it takes me.' You just don't find concern like that in major-college football."

By the end of the week, Kovach was so exhausted from the rigors of practice combined with the long nights of study that he couldn't keep his food down. He was still feeling bad Friday afternoon, when a Lexington police squad car picked him up after his conjoint sciences class and took him to the airport to catch the team plane to Columbia. By game time Saturday afternoon, Kovach was weak and dehydrated, and his weight had dropped from 226 to 212.

"The South Carolina game was sheer torture," Kovach says. "It wasn't any fun at all. That week had been really hard in school. They threw a lot of stuff at us. Every night I was up late studying and I was exhausted. The main thing about playing football and studying is to not let yourself get run down, and that's exactly what I did."

The Kentucky coaches were angry at Kovach for not telling them how sick he was. So was Debbie, who reasoned, not unreasonably, that an aspiring doctor ought to know how to take care of himself. "He could have died," she says, "but since this was his first game back and there was all that publicity about him, he wanted to play and make a good showing. I could have killed him."

By the third game, against Maryland, Kovach was playing closer to his potential. The 20-3 loss could have been much worse had not Kovach and his defensive mates made a couple of goal-line stands. On one, Kovach was so excited that he yelled across the line, challenging Maryland to run at him. At such times, Kovach, the hard-nosed All-America, seems to be totally at odds with the dedicated medical student, but he doesn't feel that he has a split personality.

"Really, I'm not violent," Kovach says. "I never want to kill anybody out there. Football is my art. I can't play a musical instrument or anything, so I try to take an artistic approach to this game. In order to perform my art well, I've got to have good technique. I don't like to hurt

people. But I do like to perform my art. I remember a game against Georgia when I hit the quarterback, Ray Goff, and he got up and said, 'Nice hit.' I was surprised, because nobody had ever said that to me before. But that's the kind of team I like to play. I said to myself, 'Hey, there's someone over there across the line who thinks like I do.'"

One aspect of college football that Kovach dislikes, though, is that he seldom has a chance to mingle socially with opposing players. He thinks the NCAA ought to sponsor mixers for players so they can exchange ideas and experiences. Before the season, Kovach went to McAfee, N.J., to pose for Playboy's preseason All-America team. He roomed with Jack Thompson, the Washington State quarterback, and "had the time of my life." Now Kovach follows Washington State in the papers.

Kovach faced what he called "the toughest week I've ever been through" before the Oct. 7 Penn State game. Getting ready for Penn State was demanding enough because, he says, "If you miss one signal, it could be Touchdown City." And on top of that, he had to miss practice Thursday and Friday to take his first round of med school exams, the ones that would determine whether he could continue to play football or would have to quit and devote full time to school. "I told myself if I didn't do well, I'd drop the football," Kovach says. Despite the odds, Kovach got three A's and two B's for an 89% average. And as he becomes accustomed to his schedule, things are getting a little easier—almost possible. "Somehow your body manages to get used to the strain," he says, "to do things more efficiently, to do what you know you have to do." And Kovach is doing more than all right on the field, too. Through last Saturday's 28-0 defeat of Virginia Tech, he was the Wildcats' leading tackler (72 solos, 56 assists).

"He's got a natural instinct for the ball," says Kentucky Defensive Coordinator Bailey. "Defensive football is a game of recognition. We practice all week against our scout team, then hope we can go out there and recognize what the other team is doing. But Jim isn't out there too often against the scout team, so what he's doing is unbelievable. He might get fooled once or twice early in a game, but that's all."

If there is a play in which Kovach was involved that stands out in Bailey's mind, it is one designed to confuse linebackers, a screen pass thrown to LSU's Charles Alexander. "Kovach diagnosed the play perfectly and hit Alexander a split second after he caught the pass," Bailey says. "Alexander was so stunned he just sat on the ground for a few moments. If Jim decides he wants to try pro ball I think he's got a good shot."

Once the season ends, Kovach will be faced with that decision. He had made up his mind to give up football after this year, no matter what happens in the pro draft, where he figures to be a high choice. However, Debbie is pregnant again, and Kovach feels he must re-evaluate his future. Obviously, a man with a wife and two children needs money. If he plays pro ball, he can get it right away. If he goes to med school, he will be struggling until he hangs out his shingle.

"There's no way I can play pro ball and go to UK because they can't put a six-month program into their curriculum," he says. "If they could do that, I would jump at it. But it's taken me a year to get into med school and I'm not going to do anything that would eliminate my being a doctor. Kentucky has stuck its neck out a long way for me. They have an investment in me just by picking me out of all the applicants. But now that Debbie's pregnant again, that changes things. I guess I've got to keep my options open."

The ideal situation would be for Kovach to be drafted by an NFL team in a city that also has a medical school that would set up a six-month program for him. That is what the University of Cincinnati did for Tommy Casanova of the Bengals, who retired this season to devote full time to medical school.

Whatever Kovach does, the next several years will be demanding. He does not really mind—"I love to be busy," he says—but he also dreams of the day when he is an ophthalmologist in Lexington, the city in which he intends to settle.

"I'm really intimate with sports in a participant way right now," Kovach says, "but I'm looking forward to the time in my life when I can be a fan. You know, read the paper, get in my Winnebago with Debbie and the kids and go to a Kentucky game. I've used football and not let football use me. And when it's over, I'm still going to root for teams and stuff. I'm going to be a heck of a fan."

The Scots get scotched

If Macalester College drops its final game—a good bet—it will wrap up a fourth straight winless season and extend its NCAA record to 42 consecutive defeats



Ewald has learned to take the bait with the bait

Hubert Humphrey taught at Macalester College, but it is remotely possible to pass an hour there without being told so. And no one is ashamed, either, that Joan Mondale is a graduate, that the debating team is one of the best in the country, and that somewhere on the St. Paul campus hums a nuclear accelerator, whatever that is. Macalester's football players like to joke about it; after the Fighting Scots lost their 41st consecutive game last week, an NCAA record, they need all the acceleration they can get.

At Macalester, a coed liberal arts college of 1,700 students, the word "football" from a stranger provokes the words "Yes, but," from the administration. It hastens to add that 21 members of the freshman class were high school valedictorians and that the author of the best-selling college chemistry text is just another brilliantly accomplished faculty member. The administration would like to have a winning football team, too, as long as no one forgets that Macalester is the Harvard of the Midwest, the Stanford of St. Paul, and the Princeton of the Prairies, as it is variously described by students and faculty.

It is not that Macalester has a great football tradition to uphold, not with just 22 winning seasons in 81 years of play. The Fighting Scots have always represented a school known for its thinkers, more so, perhaps than any other member of the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. Forty-one consecutive losses at anything is humiliation, though, and the worst of it came at home two weeks ago against St. John's University of Collegeville, Minn. The 44-0 loss broke the previous NCAA record of 39, set by St. Paul's College of Lawrenceville, Va. But even worse, the Macalester fans seemed to love every mortifying minute of it.

Before the St. John's game, Macalester President John B. Davis had publicly thanked the players for their efforts and

their courage, acknowledging that the team was young and inexperienced. But he added that he wanted to capitalize on the growing interest of the press in the losing streak to publicize the school's commitment to academic excellence. Some players felt used. Then the St. John's game began, and the Macalester student body, seemingly a mix of anarchists, radicals, nihilists and various kinds of libbers, went into its act, aligned against the jocks on the field. The placards went up—TROTSKY PLAYED CHESS—and when Macalester needed it the least, the chanting began: "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Macalester will never win."

St. John's led 20-0 at halftime, during which a Macalester student entertained the crowd by playing Frisbee with his dog. It cheered the dog when it made a catch, but only then. As an Associated Press man, in for the big day, said, "I'd have to play here. They even boo the dogs."

Despite the 44-0 final score, it was clear that the Macalester defense was growing stronger. Last year St. John's won 70-0. As for the offense, well, offensive players need to spend time together to mesh, and among the starters were five freshmen and three sophomores, all but strangers to each other; the quarterback took a beating, and the runners found no holes. The one long Macalester run brought the biggest cheer of the day. But it was by the campus dog, "noe, a two-year-old mongrel from Kansas City.

Don't blame Coach Clint Ewald for the 41-game streak. Not the first 16 defeats, at least. Macalester beat Gustavus Adolphus 21-20 on Sept. 28, 1974 but lost 6-0 to the University of Minnesota (Duluth) the next week. The streak was on. Ewald, 33, a former Minnesota high school coach, came to Macalester in April of 1976. Consideration had been given to dropping football, but Ewald was promised a three-year period of grace. The program would be on trial, rather than the coach. However, Ewald's predecessor had done no appreciable recruiting for the 1976 season, and the new coach had only 27 players to work with, starting eight or nine of them on both offense and defense. Since then he has attracted many more players, and in the week after the St. John's game he was saying, "Some very positive developments have been taking place. We can

see them in the game films. We know if we work hard enough we'll eventually win, and that win will make us forget all the bad things."

President Davis, who is renowned for his bow ties and numbing handshakes, and has been at Macalester only three years himself, seemed to be of the same mind. As last week's game approached he said, "That team of young men is committed to the sport; they're anxious to win, and occasionally they do win, in a manner of speaking, within each game. I've seen some great plays, completed passes, first downs, good blocking. That doesn't mean I attach no importance to at least breaking .500. But there is a lot more to it than the final score." When he was asked, though, what his thoughts were about retaining football, he replied, "I haven't decided yet."

Last Saturday's game was just a couple of miles away, at Hamline University, but only a dozen or so Macalester students made the trip. One, preparing to play a game of backgammon as the opening whistle blew, announced, "Our big offensive play is downing the Kickoff in the end zone. It gains 20 yards every time." As the game progressed, Bryan Reitzner, a Macalester sophomore guard, was making a bunch of tackles, freshman Back Bill Wyss was making some short gains, and a 1978 grad was saying, "Last year we had to give up on our punt-return strategy—down the left side or down the right—because a lot of the guys couldn't grasp the concept involved."

"Yeah," replied one of the backgammon players, "but we do pull some surprise plays, like running up the middle on first down. Sometimes we catch 'em sleeping, maybe rack up two yards." With 27 seconds left in the first quarter, and Hamline leading 6-0, Macalester made its biggest gain to that point—on a five-yard offside penalty. "I'd like to see a completed pass before the day is out," said one Mac fan. He got his wish: there were, in fact, three completed passes.

At the end of the third quarter, with Macalester losing 23-0, Hamline was on the five-yard line, first and goal. The Mac defense held. It was one of those moments that President Davis had spoken of, that and Reitzner's many tackles and the defensive play of a few freshman backs. But Hamline won, 32-0.

Ewald seemed distraught. He wheeled around to a photographer who was shoot-

ing his profile, and cried, "Enough!" There was only one game left to his three-year agreement, and many wondered aloud if it would be the school's last game ever.

In the Macalester locker room, Ewald spoke to his players, who sat with their heads bowed. He did not have to tell them that their offense had gone nowhere—five first downs and 32 yards rushing, compared with 22 and 386 for Hamline. Finally he said, "Our defense can do a lot of good things, but today, when it broke down, it wasn't just one player, but four or five, and Hamline was quick to take advantage." He complimented as many players as he could, and then he left them alone. He opened the door, upon which he had hung a hand-lettered poster, reading, IF YOU'RE CONTENT WITH THE BEST YOU HAVE DONE, YOU WILL NEVER DO THE BEST YOU CAN DO, and left the locker room.

Outside he said, "I'd be lying if I said I treat losing as an everyday thing. But a guy called me the other night and offered me a job selling insurance, and I told him I was doing what I wanted—teaching young men, helping them with problems, no matter what kind: football, money, family, girl problems. . . . People are really important, and I can't think of a better way to do my share."

Perhaps it is mere whistling in the dark, but this week's game, Macalester's last of the season, is against good old Gustavus Adolphus.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST Although he had tied Steve Little's NCAA record with his 53rd career field goal (a 48-yarder) earlier in the day, Tony Franklin, Texas A&M's barefoot kicker, had never won a game with a kick. At Southern Methodist he got his chance with 55 seconds to play and the score 17-17. Franklin came through with a 29-yarder for a 20-17 victory.

Curus Dickey had helped A&M take a 14-7 lead, rushing for 148 yards in 33 carries and scoring on a 15-yard dash. But SMU's Mike Ford, who pulled a hamstring in the second period but returned in the third with his leg frozen and heavily taped, kept the Mustangs going. Ford coolly completed 23 of 41 passes for 290 yards and one touchdown, and

continued

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directed an 84-yard march in the fourth quarter that brought about the stalemate that Franklin broke.

With Danny Davis scoring twice from close in and John Newhouse tallying on 34- and 15-yard runs, Houston breezed past Texas Christian 63-6. The Cougars piled up 409 yards rushing as they readied themselves for this week's showdown at Texas, which was idle last week, for the Southwest Conference lead.

Trying to perk up his Arkansas team, which had lost two SWC contests, Coach Lou Holtz put the Hogs through a tough pregame workout. Offensive Tackle Jimmy Walker hyperextended his left elbow during that drill minutes before facing Rice at Little Rock. Undeterred, Walker made nine tackles and dropped Owl runners for 28 yards as losses as the Razorbacks won 37-7. And, for the first time in 12 quarters, Arkansas forced a turnover in an opponent's territory.

The hard running of James Hadnot and the alert defensive play of Alan Swan helped Texas Tech topple Baylor 27-9. Hadnot ran for 212 yards. Swan, a defensive back, stole two passes and recovered a fumble.

1. TEXAS (6-1)

2. HOUSTON (7-1) 3. ARKANSAS (5-2)

MIDWEST When the Kansas squad assembled for practice on Halloween they were greeted by Count Dracula. But the Jayhawks equipment manager was spotted for who he actually is and there were more laughs than screams. Four days later, however, the Jayhawks were really shaken up by Nebraska, which knocked the bejebees out of them 63-21 in Lawrence. The Huskers had a Big Eight-record 799 yards in total offense (516 rushing, 283 passing), the most since they took to football in 1890. Craig Johnson, a third-stringer, rushed 10 times for 192 yards and scored on runs of 64 and 60 yards and on a 78-yard pass play.

Two big second-half scoring plays, a 59-yard run by Billy Sims and a 74-yard burst by Kenny King, helped Oklahoma win 28-7 at Colorado. By late in the first half, the Buffaloes had taken over the ball on turnovers on the Sooner 23-, 13- and nine-yard lines, but only once did they cash in. James Mayberry ramming over from four yards out. Dazzling chip-shot field-goal tries, Colorado Coach Bill Mallory went for broke the next two times, came up empty, and had to settle for a 7-7 halftime deadlock.

The Sooners, who had gained a mere 78 yards against Colorado's stunting defense in the first half, sandwiched a 20-yard scoring pass from Thomas Lott to Forrest Valora between their lengthy runs. After being held to 42 yards in the first half, Sims finished with 221 in 27 cracks for his third straight 200-yard game, equalling an NCAA record.

Fast-improving Oklahoma State dumped Missouri 35-20 in Stillwater to take sole pos-

session of third place in the Big Eight behind Oklahoma and Nebraska. Scott Burk of the Cowboys passed for 132 yards and ran for another 93 and a touchdown in Iowa State beat Kansas State 34-0.

"You looked like a passer out there today," a reporter said to Rick Leach after Michigan had won 34-0 at Iowa in a Big Ten matchup. "I am a passer," replied the oft-maligned Leach. "Look, if I get a chance to throw more than five or six times, I get the rhythm down and can pass with anyone around." Given the opportunity, Leach was on target with nine of 17 passes for 191 yards and two touchdowns. More than that, he passed for first downs on third-and-long six times. Leach's scoring throws came on a third-and-23 from the 36 and on a third-and-goal from the 14-yard line.

Leach may have improved folks with his passing, but his head-bobbing while calling signals irked Hawkeye Coach Bob Cummings. Iowa was twice drawn offside by Leach's bobbing, a habit he insists he is aware of. The Wolverine defense bobbed up in the right place at the right time, holding the Hawkeyes to four yards rushing and 65 passing.

Two other may road winners remained tied with Michigan for second place in the Big Ten. Ohio State drubbing Wisconsin 49-14 and Michigan State whooping Illinois 59-19. "It hurts to get touchdowns that easily," said Coach Woody Hayes, whose Buckeyes were outgained 327 yards to 316 by the Badgers but had cashed in on four Wisconsin mistakes. Illinois surprised the Spartans by taking to the air right from the start and rolled up a quick 12-0 lead before State ran a play from scrimmage. The Illini took the opening kickoff, chomped a 78-yard drive with a 17-yard run by Wayne Strader and then, after recovering a Spartan fumble on the ensuing kickoff, scored on a 10-yard pass. With Spartan runners grinding out 360 yards and Ed Smith finding his receivers on 20 of 31 passes for 219 yards, State had no trouble overcoming the early deficit.

Kevin Strasser hit on 14 of 23 passes for 106 yards and set a Northwestern season record with his 126th completion. Aside from that, there was little to gladden the hearts of Wildcat fans as NU lost 31-0 to Big Ten leader Purdue. The Boilermakers got their third shutout of the season, helped in no small measure by nine quarterback sacks. Defensive End Keena Turner was in on four of those as he set school records for the most such tackles in a season (17) and career (27). Playing just half the game, Mark Herrmann threw a career low of 14 passes, made good on nine of them, three for touchdowns.

One of the most rousing comebacks of the year was pulled off at Minnesota, where the Gophers trailed Indiana 24-0 in the second period. But Marion Barber bulled over on two short runs, and Quarterback Wendell Avery tossed a pair of fourth-period touchdown

passes—a 14-yarder to Roy Artis and a 19-yarder to Barber. In between all this Gopher scoring was a Hoosier touchdown, so with three minutes left Indiana was still ahead 31-29. But Minnesota intercepted a pass at its own 45 and drove to the Hoosier 10. With two seconds to go, Paul Rognod kicked a 31-yard field goal for the 32-31 win.

"You keep running into a brick wall and pretty soon you get worn down," said Notre Dame's Dave Huffman, a 6'5", 245-pound center. It was Navy that Huffman and his teammates wore down 27-7, snuffing the Midshipmen's hopes for an undefeated season. Navy, which had given up only 399 yards rushing in its first seven games, yielded 375 to the Irish. Vaghs Ferguson, who gained 219 yards on 18 carries, one an 80-yard scoring dash, set a school single-game rushing record.

For the seventh time in nine outings, a New Mexico State game was decided in the final minute. This time the Aggies held on to a 21-20 victory when Orake fumbled on a two-point PAT try with 50 seconds left. Touchdown runs of seven, 12 and two yards by Gary Steele enabled State to cling to first place in the Missouri Valley Conference. Half a game back was Tulsa, which slugged West Texas State 44-23 as Shurman Johnson ran for 213 yards. In an out-of-conference contest, Louisville downed Wichita State 38-20. Nathan Poole of the Cardinals scored three times and gained 269 yards to raise his season total to 1,244 yards.

1. OKLAHOMA (9-0)

2. NEBRASKA (8-1) 3. MICHIGAN (7-1)

EAST Secrecy was Syracuse Coach Frank Maloney's immediate aim, an upset of Pittsburgh his objective for the afternoon. So, instead of having his players go through their usual pregame workout at Archbold Stadium, Maloney had them warm up a mile away. There the Orangemen polished up their I offense, which had been installed in place of the veer because Quarterback Tim Wilson had a pulled hamstring.

Although the I did not overpower the Panthers, it did take them back a bit, the Orangemen controlling the ball for seven minutes after taking the opening kickoff and getting a 37-yard field goal from Dave Jacobs. Another Jacobs, Pat's Fred (no kin), put the Panthers in front 7-3 with a five-yard run late in the first period. With freshman Joe Morris carrying 29 times for 149 yards and Ken Mandeville scoring on a pair of one-yard runs, Syracuse went into the fourth quarter leading 17-7. But Pitt made it 17-15 on a five-yard run by Rick Troiano and a two-point conversion run by Jacobs. Then, with 3:09 left, Mark Schuberl kicked a 28-yard field goal for Pitt's 18-17 win.

On his first play after coming off the Army bench, Quarterback Earle Malrane teamed up with Jim Merriken on a 65-yard pass to the

continued

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Air Force two-yard line. That play set up a third-quarter touchdown that put the Cadets on top 14-3. Mulrane's next bomb was an 80-yarder to Glennie Brundage, who established an Army record with his 13th career touchdown reception in the Cadets' win 28-14.

Boston University, Rutgers, Villanova and West Virginia all came through with non-conference triumphs. The Terriers jarred Ivy Cross 15-7 as freshman Gregg Dewar rushed for 136 yards. Two touchdowns by Rutgers' Dave Dorn, the first coming on a 46-yard pass the second on a 10-yard run, enabled the Scarlet Knights to beat Massachusetts 21-11. Rushing for 408 yards, Villanova defeated Winless Boston College 28-16. And West Virginia ended a seven-game losing streak by holding off Virginia 20-17.

Fancy passing enabled Dartmouth and Brown to win and remain tied for the Ivy League lead. The Big Green was an easy 37-7 victor over Columbia. Bucky Terevens passing for 247 yards and Jeff Dufresne rushing for 123. At Harvard, the Bears had to work for their 31-30 win. They did not go ahead for keeps until Mark Whipple passed four yards to Charlie Boucher and tucked on a two-point conversion pass to Rick Villella with four minutes remaining. A 100-yard kickoff return by Ken Hill plus scoring runs of 11, 12 and four yards by Pat O'Brien were the Yale highlights in a 42-14 defeat of Cornell. Joe Holland, Cornell's and the nation's leading rusher with an average of 148.2 yards a game going into the game, was held to 35 yards. Princeton's first league win was a 21-0 victory over Pennsylvania.

1. PENNSYLVANIA (9-0)

2. NAVY (7-1) 3. PITTSBURGH (6-2)

SOUTH A newspaper story indicating that Florida's Doug Dickey would soon be fired brought two responses that encouraged the coach: From University President Robert Marston came a forceful "Baloney!" Their Dickey's Gators handed Auburn its first Southeastern Conference loss by an emphatic 31-7 score. Joe Cribbs of the writing Tigers ran for 111 yards, caught two passes for 16 more and threw a 17-yard completion, but that was not enough against the charged-up Gators. John Brantley of Florida passed for 102 yards and one touchdown, and also scored on an 11-yard run.

"I thought, they threw the ball 100 times and gained a mile," said Alabama Coach Bear Bryant after beating Mississippi State 35-14. Actually, the Bulldogs passed only 53 times in school record and gained 436 yards on 31 completions. With Quarterback Dave Marler nursing a pulled leg muscle, Stone Coach Bob Tyler reverted to a shotgun offense to hype up the passing attack. Marler connected on 28 of 46 throws for 429 yards and one touchdown, but was intercepted four times. Only one passer has exceeded Marler's yardage

against the Tide—Archie Manning, whose 33-for-52 performance netted 436 yards in 1969. The Bulldogs' Marley McDele, who grew up in Mobile but turned down an Alabama scholarship, caught nine of Marler's passes for 168 yards. Tony Northing of the Tide latched on to a six-yard touchdown pass, broke loose for an 82-yard scoring run and piled up 145 yards in 12 carries. In the dressing room after the game, Tide players sang, "If you don't go to 'Bama, go to hell!" and "We want you, LSU." They will get LSU this week in Birmingham.

The Tigers turned up for that meeting by beating Mississippi 30-8. LSU's Charles Alexander, who had been slowed during the past two games by a hamstring pull, ran for 147 yards, including a 64-yard touchdown run and scored on a 25-yard pass.

Against outsiders, the SEC came up with three winners (Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky) and one loser (Vanderbilt). Willie McClinton of the Bulldogs gained 149 yards during a 47-3 rout of VMI. McClinton has 115 yards this season, surpassing the 37-year-old Georgia record set by Frank Sinkwich. With Jimmy Sreater learning up with Jeff Moore on a 66-yard scoring pass and running 10 yards for another touchdown, Tennessee manhandled Duke 34-0. Kentucky also came up with a shutout, winning 28-0 at Virginia Tech. Playing at Memphis State, Vanderbilt went down to a 35-14 defeat.

In addition to Maryland's loss to Penn State, the Atlantic Coast Conference sustained another setback when North Carolina was dumped 27-18 at Richmond in a non-league game. More than anyone, it was Free Safety Jeff Nixon who enabled the Spiders to shock the Tar Heels. Nixon made 25 tackles and picked off two passes, one of which he ran back 59 yards for a touchdown.

Clemson powered its way to a 51-6 ACC triumph at Wake Forest. Before sitting down early in the third quarter, Steve Fuller of the Tigers passed for 189 yards and two TDs.

"Everybody's running backs are banged up by November," said North Carolina State Coach Bo Rea following a 22-13 victory over independent South Carolina. Despite his bruises, Ted Brown of the Wolfpack gained 99 yards and surpassed the 1,000-yard mark for the third year in a row.

Even though Otis Anderson scored TDs on a 15-yard run and his second length-of-the-field kickoff return of the season, Miami lost at Tulane 20-16. The Green Wave scored on a pair of touchdown passes from Rich Houston to Alton Alexis, plus two field goals.

1. ALABAMA (8-1)

2. MARYLAND (8-1) 3. GEORGIA (7-1)

WEST UCLA relied on Theotis (Bigfoot) Brown and Southern California on Charles White to hammer out Pac-10 victories. The Bruins had to survive a frantic fourth period to beat Oregon 23-21. The

Ducks led 6-3 at the start of the final quarter, but the first-place Bruins took the lead on a 74-yard trip by the 230-pound Brown, who outran a 147-pound cornerback on the way to the end zone. Brown scored again on a 68-yard run, and Peter Boenemeister, who had kicked a 27-yard field goal, boosted three-pointers from 35 to 44 yards out, Oregon, meanwhile, scored on two short touchdown runs to keep the pressure on.

Stanford, playing at home, took a first-quarter 7-0 lead over USC on a 13-yard pass from Steve Dik to Ken Margerum. But while Dik wound up with 23 completions in 38 attempts for 236 yards, he couldn't get the Cardinal into the end zone again. The Trojans led 10-7 at halftime, thanks to a 34-yard field goal by Frank Jordan and a one-yard dive by White, who finished with 201 yards as 38 carries. From there on, it was a defensive struggle, the only second-half points coming on Jordan's 38-yard field goal.

There was ample scoring in other Pac-10 games. Oregon State trailed 22-7 in the second quarter at Washington State, but won 32-31 on a 27-yard field goal by Kieron Walford with 18 seconds to go. Jack Thompson of the Cougars became the conference's all-time leader in passing yardage when he completed half of his 30 throws for 223 yards, bringing his career total to 7,197. Washington stayed in contention for first place by downing Arizona 31-21. Arizona State runners gained

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Theotis Brown, a 6'2", 230-pound senior fullback, broke his own UCLA single-game rushing record by gaining 274 yards in 26 carries and scoring two touchdowns as the Bruins downed Oregon 23-21.

DEFENSE: Mike DeGeroni, a 6'1", 240-pound Boston University senior tackle, made 11 tackles, insured on three others, caused two fumbles and had three sacks as the Terriers stunned Holy Cross 15-7.

459 yards against California in Tempe, where the Sun Devils won 35-21.

Wyoming came to Brigham Young with the WAC's best pass-defense statistics (109 yards a game) and the finest total defense (242 yards). But Jim McMahon picked apart the Cowboys, hitting on 24 of 36 passes for 317 yards and one touchdown. McMahon also ran 13 times for 49 yards and two TDs as the Cougars clung to first place with a 48-14 victory. New Mexico remained a game behind BYU with a 24-12 triumph at Utah.

Utah State tied Pacific for first place in the Pacific Coast AA, scoring 24 points in the first period en route to a 40-14 victory.

1. UCLA (8-1)

2. USC (7-1) 3. WASHINGTON (8-3)

Turn a sailing man loose at a show devoted largely to powerboats and what do you get? You get a sailorman whose appreciation for recent advances in hull design is tempered by an old-time suspicion that power corrupts. It has ever been thus between sailors and powerboaters, a sailor comes away from an exhibit like the recent Dinner Key show in Miami convinced that powerboating is headed for the bedroom by way of the Indianapolis Speedway. In powerboats, horsepower and sexy interiors seem to be the order of the day.

Listen to what Johnson, a producer of dependable outboard power for more than half a century, has to say about speed. The company introduces its 1979 "top-of-the-line" V-6 outboards (150 to 235 horsepower) with the following pitches: "They have the get-up-and-go to pop a large hull up on plane, then throttle back to a fuel-efficient—yet movin' out—cruising speed. With enough power left 'in the hole' for a fast run back to the harbor to beat the sunset."

Such a sales pitch might not be altogether misdirected. A large portion of the boat-buying public seems to consist of speed-oriented folks who would have no fun at sea unless they took the fast tempo of the land with them. Beating the sunset home is a natural rhythm in the lives of such people, and there is no ridding them of it. While tending my own modest Johnson motor on a Connecticut dock two summers ago, I heard the head of an outboard boating party bellowing to his straggling entourage, "Let's get all this junk on the boat. It's already 12:30. Let's get out there and have a good time and get it over with."

Despite the ever-quickenning tempo, however, there are still those who go to sea seeking an easier pace.

At Dinner Key, where the hulls of more than 80 manufacturers were displayed, among the thousands who clamored aboard the boats was one potential buyer, a local chiropractor named Bill Pfenniger, who epitomizes what the sport used to be. From 1966 through 1973, Pfenniger owned a 26-foot lap-strake Lyman Cruisette, and at the Miami show he was hunting for the sort of practical, trailerable small cruiser that might take the place of his old Lyman. Beating the sunset home has never been an obsession with Pfenniger. A white buck he and a friend set out for a day sail in

9,000 hp and plush by the ton

Awash in fast and fancy boats, this shopper finds a conservative winner

a 22-foot Pearson sloop. The weather was so good they decided to extend the trip just a bit. The following day was so fair they decided to sail on. They sailed on and on and on, all the way to Key West. They got back home 21 sunsets later than they had originally planned.

Ten years ago more than 150 manufacturers produced powerboats in the 18-to-26-foot range. Today there are only about 90, and not all of these are survivors of the original 150. In the welter of small cruisers now being offered with an eight-foot beam so they may be trailer-drawn without special permit, there is variety enough to satisfy both speed demons and sensible seamen—and more than enough to confuse novices who are not sure what they want. Most of the hulls offered have a traditional Vee shape with fore and aft straking to cushion the ride. In some the sharp Vee forward is carried excessively aft, which is fine for an ocean racer or even when one of these vessels is charging along at 25 knots or better, but at a slower pace the bow rides absurdly high, especially for cruising comfort.

A great many of the small cruisers today have extreme reverse sheer forward—a drooping of the bow so pronounced that the hull appears to have melted slightly after being popped from the mold. This droopy, nose-down look, which in profile resembles the snout of Snoopy, is effected, salesmen maintain, to give the boats an aura of super speed. Such contrived esthetics may sell tyros in the showroom, but will scarcely impress anyone who has to go forward onto such a sloping deck on a bouncy day to get an anchor up or down.

Twenty years ago, small cruisers that reputedly would sleep four were common and provoked a long-standing joke. Such boats, it was said, could sleep four romantically, three obscenely, but only two comfortably. The builders of small cruisers are less pretentious today. Few of them make any claim that their 24- or 25-footers, when cruising, can accommodate more than two adults and a couple of kids. The Vee-berths forward, which in older boats were often too short for ordinary men, are now almost adequate for basketball players.

Although present designers have been sensible in utilizing interior space for berths and galley and head, in superficial appointments some have gone ape. Do you have shag carpeting on the ceiling of your bedroom? Or on your closet shelves? Do you have tufted cushions that soak up water in a heavy rain on your front porch? That is the sort of impractical luxury one finds on many small cruisers today. Why? Salesmen say it's what the public wants.

If they want it, they should have it. But to complement all of the superficial luxuries and jazzy appointments, there should be proper equipment for such routine procedures as anchoring, mooring and docking.

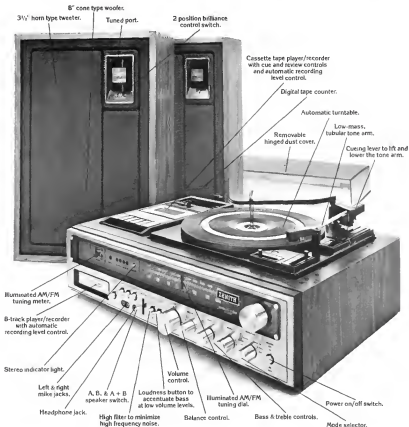
For example, the shopper should ask the salesman if it is possible to put spring-line cleats near the point of maximum beam. If you explain what you mean by maximum beam, some of them will say yes. Some of them don't know what a spring line is. Ask a salesman why a savvy-looking cruiser has an outboard handrail leading from the cabin forward, but not an inch of foothold around the cabin. He will explain that the handrail is simply for "cosmetic appearances." If pressed on the matter, the salesman may further add that the U.S. Coast Guard recommends that the only access forward on small cruisers should be through a forward hatch. Check the Coast Guard on it, and they will tell you they have never made such an absurd recommendation.

Stamas, a Florida company that produces sensible boats with non-skid walks-around decking and forward hatch, says this about some of the less sensible products of its rivals: "In many cruisers today the bow area is reached at the crawler's own risk."

Examine the forward hatches of half a dozen boats. You will probably find

continued

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all of them suitable for seagoing orang-utans, but the chances are some of them will be too small for an average-sized man who is trying to hustle forward in an all-hands emergency. Examine one of the flashier cruisers now on the market and you will find there is no point to fix a line on the foredeck except one cleat on each side five feet back of the stem and three feet off the centerline. If anchored from such a point in a one-foot sea and 10 knots of wind, the boat would wander restlessly on its rode. If towed from such a cleat in even a modest sea, it would wallow back and forth like a drunken old sow.

Reviewing the trend in modern boats, Gary Ross, the marketing director of the Tiara Division of S-2 Yachts, Inc., says, "The marine industry is a strange business. It is not large, but it is very visible. The sea hasn't changed in a million years, but in the last 15 years the marketing of boats has changed drastically. Marketing now ignores the possibility that someone might want to go offshore in a boat

that is sensible and practical and come back safely like a Boothbay lobsterman. Too many people who are buying boats are looking for a duplicate of their living room. Their idea of roughing it is to spend a night in a Holiday Inn without color TV. To sell them a boat you have to have unborn yak hair overhead in the cabin and all sorts of monkey fuzz in the cockpit, and you must have about 9,000 horsepower. The first question some prospective buyers ask is, 'How fast will it go?' Then when they get the boat, they go through propellers the way you go through socks."

There is only one trouble with Ross' summary: none of the absurdities he cites as "musts" in a successful boat are in the boats he is successfully selling. The 25-foot Sport Salon, the top of the Tiara line, is both sensible and practical. It's the sort of craft anyone more interested in pleasure than puffery might enjoy. Its flying bridge is only 39 inches above the cockpit, yet there is full headroom below. It has no jazzy carpeting in the cabin

nor tufted cushions in the cockpit. There is access forward both outboard of the cabin and through a hatch. From stem to stern no more than two feet separate one handhold from another. The entire deck area is covered with a non-skid surface consisting of little pyramidal protrusions almost a sixteenth of an inch high. The Vee-berths are nearly 6½' long, and the dinette converts into a 6' 2" berth, wide enough for one adult or two kids. There is a total of 10 sizable lockers, each with a non-protruding snap latch and all of them accessible without lifting a cushion or otherwise rearranging the interior.

The Tiara Sport Salon has some shortcomings, notably a rather small forward hatch and outboard cleats on the foredeck rather than chocks backed up by cleats. For all that, it is a sensible boat that sells. To describe any seagoing boat merely as "sensible" seems like damning with faint praise, but in an era when freaky boats abound, it is a compliment that carries weight.

END

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Philadelphia's Michel once kicked and whiffed

Kick it or get booted

Job security is far from guaranteed for the men who put the foot into football

One Monday evening in mid-September the owner of the Cue & Chalk Family Billiards parlor in West Seneca, N.Y., received a phone call during which he was told to catch the next plane from nearby Buffalo to New Orleans. Six days later John Leypoldt played a beautiful bank shot off the left upright from 27 yards away as time expired to give his

newest NFL team, the New Orleans Saints, a 20-18 victory over the Cincinnati Bengals. One week later, after missing a field goal and kicking off weakly against the Los Angeles Rams, Leypoldt was on the first plane out of New Orleans for Buffalo en route back to his pool hall in West Seneca.

Leypoldt was the second of six kickers the Saints have employed this season—seven, counting Rich Szaro's left and right feet. Like many NFL teams, the Saints have had difficulty settling on a kicker, since July, no fewer than 33 different placekickers and 16 punters have been released by the NFL's 28 teams.

Take the Philadelphia Eagles' situation. Rack Eagles, who had punted for Seattle and Pittsburgh the last two years, started the season as the Eagles' No. 1 man, but after four games Coach Dick Vermeil put Eagles on waivers. It was the second time this season that Eagles had found himself on the waiver list. Philadelphia then signed Mitch Hoopes, the former Dallas, San Diego, St. Louis and Detroit punter, but he had such a poor week's practice that Vermeil cut him for the third time this season.

Eagles, meanwhile, had flown home to Tulsa. On Friday night the Eagles phoned him and told him to stand by, that they *might* need him Sunday. The next morning they called again with a firm job offer. Moments before the weekly roster deadline Eagles signed a new contract on the back of a refuse cart in Chicago's O'Hare Airport. He then flew to Baltimore and punted for the Eagles the next day against the Colts.

Eagles lasted one more game before he was waived for the third time and replaced by Mike Michel, who had been released by the Miami Dolphins. In the second quarter of Michel's debut against the Redskins, he unloaded one punt for nine yards, another for 26 yards and whiffed on a third. Missed it completely. "I couldn't do that again if I tried," he said.

Michel still punts for the Eagles, at least for now, but like all the men who put the foot into football, he is well aware that the unemployment office is only a bad kick away. Just seven kickers and four punters work for the same teams that employed them five years ago, and only five of the league's 28 placekickers still perform for the teams with which they originally signed. On the other hand,

Buffalo's Tom Dempsey is kicking for his fifth NFL club; Errol Mann has gone from Denver to Cleveland to Green Bay to Detroit to Green Bay to Oakland to the unemployment office to Oakland to Buffalo to Oakland; and the Mike-Mayer brothers, Nick and Steve, have, between them, worked in Atlanta, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco and New Orleans.

There seem to be any number of reasons for this job insecurity. Kickers are inconsistent. Kickers do not get three downs in which to make good. Nobody knows how to coach soccer-style kickers, of which there are 22 at the moment. And while a kicker or punter might perform well in practice, when 50,000 people are yelling and stomping and 11 men are rushing at him in a game. Well, it's definitely a buyer's market.

"You can always find a kicker," says Dallas Coach Tom Landry. "There are a lot of them around. We just bring them in and let them kick until we see one we like." Leypoldt, one of Landry's rejects, says, "Coaches treat us like cars. The old one is working perfectly fine, but they want a new one anyway. They think they'll enjoy it more." Hoopes, another Landry reject, who has had his hang time clocked by six different teams, says, "We go across the country knocking on doors and hoping to sell ourselves. I've only had my van a year, and I've already got 40,000 miles on it. Never, never buy a used van from a punter."

All this shuffling around has created a subculture of kickers and punters who write letters requesting tryouts and then wait by their phones. "Those calls have a special ring to them," says Leypoldt, who began to sit by the phone in August after Seattle cut him. Leypoldt returned to his pool hall, and the next day he was invited to attend a tryout in Dallas, where Landry was searching for a replacement for All-Pro Kicker Elfen Herrera, who had demanded a rich new contract from the Cowboys. Hearing of this, Landry reportedly said, "Trade him," and Herrera was off to Seattle, where he took over Leypoldt's old job.

At Dallas, Leypoldt tried out against Rafael Septien and Tim Mazzetti; Septien, a Los Angeles reject, got the job. Then, when New England lost John Smith for the season with a leg injury, the Patriots had Leypoldt kick against

Carson Long and Tony DiRienzo. New England told Leypoldt it would probably sign him in a few days, but in the meantime the Saints called and had Leypoldt compete against Mazzetti for the job left vacant when Szaro injured his groin. Leypoldt beat out Mazzetti, which turned out to be a break for Atlanta. Dissatisfied with Fred Steinfort, who had missed seven of 10 field-goal attempts and had two blocked field goals returned for touchdowns, Atlanta signed Mazzetti, and two weeks ago Mazzetti was canonized on Monday Night Football as he kicked five field goals in five tries to give the Falcons a 15-7 victory over the Rams.

Before Atlanta, Mazzetti had flunked tryouts with the Patriots, Eagles, Jets, Cowboys and Saints, and was happy to be clearing \$200 a week while working the 10-to-2 graveyard shift at Smokey Joe's, a joint near the campus of his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania. "After I failed in Dallas, I decided the hell with it," Mazzetti says. "I started concentrating on becoming a derrick again. Then I got the call from New Orleans. The coach [Dick Nolan] told me I had a good foot but that I was out of shape. That woke me up. When Atlanta called I was ready. And when they told me I had the job, I just freaked."

Mazzetti outkicked Long and Hans Nielsen to win the Falcons' job. He had his first field-goal attempt blocked by the 49ers but kicked a game-winning 29-yarder on the next to last play, earning a game ball. Against the Rams he connected from 21, 37, 30, 26 and 37 yards. "Even if I do fade into oblivion, they can never take these two games away from me," Mazzetti says.

Nick Lowery was waiting on tables at The Bull's Eye Restaurant and Tavern in Hanover, N.H. when he heard about the Patriots' kicking problems. (In one game, New England had to use its second punter of the year, Jerrel Wilson, as a placekicker, perhaps predictably. Wilson had an extra-point attempt blocked.) Lowery, who had kicked for Dartmouth and was cut by the Jets in August, borrowed a friend's car, drove to Foxboro and asked for a tryout. The holders had all gone home, so Coach Chuck Fairbanks held the ball for Lowery. He got the job. So far, a wonderful story. But after two games, with Lowery 7 for 7 on extra points and 0 for 1 on field-goal at-



Leypoldt is unemployed now, but next week

tempts, the Patriots dropped him because of his short kickoffs. His replacement was David Posey, late of the 49ers, Falcons and Lions and almost of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Posey canceled a job interview with the brokerage firm to answer his true calling.

Szaro, a Harvard graduate, was New Orleans' regular kicker at the beginning of the season, but when he pulled a groin muscle the Saints summoned Leypoldt. After two games, for which he was paid \$3,000 apiece, Leypoldt, who had been 4 for 5 on extra points and 2 for 3 on field-goal attempts, was told by Nolan that he "hadn't worked out." The next contestant was Steve Mike-Mayer, but on the Thursday before his first game as a Saint, Mike-Mayer pulled a back muscle. Nolan had to use Running Back Tony Galbreath for one point-after attempt, but Galbreath missed so badly that he didn't get a second chance. So Szaro, who couldn't swing his regular kicking foot, the left, kicked with his right foot. He made a 20-yard field goal, but after the game he was placed on the injured reserve list. New Orleans later tried Tom Jurich, who had been cut by the Steelers, but he missed three field goals in his first game, against the 49ers. Earl Jurich Enter Steve Mike-Mayer again.

Meanwhile, in West Seneca, Leypoldt sits at the counter of the Cue & Chalk, making change. "I'll be in somebody's camp next year," he says.

END

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Debutantes who didn't have a ball

An underrated British team won the Wightman Cup for the 10th time in 50 tries when two precocious American youngsters, Tracy Austin and Pam Shriver, lost in their London debuts



Tracy Austin



Pam Shriver

It was 8:20 by the clock in London's Royal Albert Hall last Saturday night when Pam Shriver, playing with doubles partner Chris Evert in the seventh, last, and deciding match against Great Britain for the Wightman Cup, split the intimacy and dignity of the historic concert hall with a schoolgirlish shriek of dismay. A lob from Sue Barker had soared over her tousled head and landed far out of reach in her backhand corner. The score was now 15-40, with Shriver serving, and two match points for the home team of Barker and Virginia Wade.

Shriver got a pat of encouragement from Evert, who at the advanced age of 23 was a motherly figure among such teammates as 16-year-old Shriver and 15-year-old Tracy Austin. But then Wade returned Shriver's next serve with a thunderous topspin forehand that Pam could barely spoon up with her outsized Prince racket, and Barker, as she had done a number of times during the match, moved in and clubbed a simple forehand volley winner between the two Americans. The U.S. gamble on youth had failed, and the underrated British had won the Cup for only the 10th time since

the annual competition started with a 7-0 U.S. whitewash at Forest Hills in 1923.

The Americans had won by the same lopsided score last November at Oakland, Calif., and last week, after the first match at Albert Hall, in which Evert crushed Barker 6-2, 6-1, it looked as though the U.S. was again off and running. Evert's only lapse in that match was losing her serve in the first game of the second set. But Barker's hope was a fleeting one, and she went to pieces with unforced errors and double faults on crucial points.

When Shriver, the gangling high school student from Lutherville, Md. who was making her Cup debut, then came on stage before the 7,000 partisan fans, she was naturally jittery. Since losing to Evert in the finals of the U.S. Open in early September, she had played only two tournament matches, and neither was against a mature, ranking player. Her concentration had been on her school work, some of which she had brought with her to England. To top it off, she had the sniffles.

Shriver's opponent was Michele Tyler, herself hardly a dodderer at 20 and a ret-

ative newcomer to big-time tennis but a major British hope for the future. The first set was a tight one, which Shriver won 7-5, and she broke Tyler's serve to start the second set. Then Tyler began banging winners from the baseline, passing Pam on her frustrating visits to the net. Shriver began committing errors, with both her backhand and volley going awry, and Tyler won the next two sets, and the match, 6-3, 6-3.

On Friday night, with the score now 1-1, the other U.S. Wightman Cup debutante, Tracy Austin, the youngest ever to play in the competition, faced Wade, the 1977 Wimbledon champion. Austin, who recently turned pro and had won a tournament in Stuttgart just a week before, seemed cool and confident—for the first set, anyway. It took her less than half an hour to beat Wade, 6-3. Ginny's backhand was acting up, and it seemed that the U.S. would move one match closer to the Cup. But Wade finally pulled herself together to take the seesaw second set 7-5. Now the pressure from the old pro began to affect the brand new one. Austin did move from 1-3 to 3-4 in the final set, but she just couldn't make

continued

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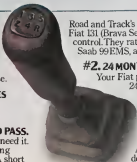
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it all the way, losing the next two games and the match.

An interested spectator during these three matches was Billie Jean King, who made the trip as player-coach of the U.S. team. Considering herself too decrepit for singles at 34, she decided to play only one doubles match. After a 30-minute break, King teamed with Austin against Anne Hobbs and Sue Mappin, and the U.S. polished off the Britons in the first set 6-2.

In the second set, King, Mappin and Austin were all broken early, but Hobbs held and the British led 3-1. The Americans broke Mappin to tie it 3-3. Again the British broke Austin to go ahead 5-4 and win the set when Austin drove a forehand into the net. The third and deciding set was a 6-2 waltz for the U.S., and the score was now tied at 2-2, at the end of the second day.

Saturday's three-match schedule began disastrously for the British as Evert, admittedly "playing the best tennis of my

career," simply ate up Wade 6-0, 6-1 in 54 minutes. Evert, who had been practicing during her stay in England with her new beau, John Lloyd, a member of the British Davis Cup team, was hitting the lines and corners on every shot. In the first four games of the first set, Chrisie lost only five points, breaking Wade at love in the fourth game.

The second set began with more of the same flawless play by Evert. She took the first seven points and won the first two games. There was murmuring among the audience when Wade broke back in the third game. But the lapse seemed to strengthen Evert's game and will even more and Wade, still having trouble with her backhand, crumpled completely as Evert dropped only five points in the last three games. Quiet again prevailed.

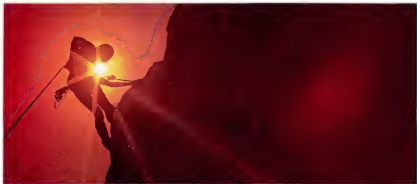
The Americans now appeared to have the needed leverage. With two matches remaining, they had to win just one to retain the Cup. Scratch the first chance for the U.S., however. Sue Barker, who had

lost her game someplace this year, found it again in her match with Austin, winning 6-3, 3-6, 6-1. Now scratch the second chance for the U.S., which ended with Barker's fatal volley between Evert and Shriver.

The crowd was in an uproar when Barker rushed to embrace Wade after her winning shot. Union Jacks were flourished and spectators and officials wept. There were more kisses than one would see at an Italian wedding. As workmen pulled up the court, raising clouds of dust, clusters of spectators lingered in the hall, still wondering how it all could have happened. First, the British Davis Cup win against Australia in last month's semi-finals at the Crystal Palace on the other side of London. And now this.

The British weren't the only weepers. "I'm disappointed more than I've ever been," Pam Shriver sobbed. "But wait till next year," she added. Pam was right. It was a year too soon for both her and Tracy.

END



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Back in the days in Massachusetts when Senator Kennedy was Jack and Ted was Williams, a Westboro man named Bill Plummer developed a certain genius for catching black bass. His well-publicized achievements recalled the line: "The man who caught that fish is a liar." Plummer sneered at five-pounders, lifetime trophies for most northern anglers. Bays of six pounds barely made him smile. Seven-pounders were all right, and those of eight were just fine. But that was 20 years ago, and all Plummer did for an encore was more of the same.

In the passing years, the newspapers stopped telling his story, and suburbia closed in on his little town. But one ex-Bostonian never forgot. He was a bass fisherman, too—once he had even caught a three-pounder—and one evening this fall, in a nostalgic mood, he dialed Westboro information. Yes, there was a Bill Plummer listed. He tried the number, fretting about pollution and water skiers, thinking, "What if Plummer had to give it all up for golf?" Then Plummer's wife Norma answered. "I'm sorry," she said, "he's not home from fishing yet."

The next hour seemed like 10, but finally Plummer was in, and pleased that someone remembered him. The caller said, "I hear you're still fishing."

"Not as much as in summer, I'm afraid," Plummer replied. "I'm down to six days a week now."

"Still catching the big ones?"

"Well, 6½ pounds. Got him yesterday, but nothing really big for a while. Why don't you come along with me some day, maybe you'd bring me luck?"

Two days later, at 3:30 a.m., Plummer and the caller drove from Westboro, which is 30 miles west of Boston. Plummer, now 57, had eaten his usual "breakfast," as he put it, the night before, so as not to delay his departure. He said that he fishes only for bass, that he is on the water most days at dawn, that he would fish year round were it not for the ice, and that late in December he is reduced to driving around Massachusetts searching for open water, sometimes having to break shore ice for 100 feet to launch his boat. Bass are said to be dormant in those conditions, but Plummer catches them any time he wants to.

In his lifetime, he has landed more than 1,000 five-pound largemouth bass,

One million frogs later

Nobody catches big bass like New Englander Bill Plummer. One day he put a hook on a toy frog, and soon he had enough money to allow him to fish six days a week.



hundreds of six and seven pounds, more than two dozen of eight and one of nine. One in five of the fish he catches is a smallmouth bass, which do not grow as large. A five-pounder is something to weep over. Plummer has caught dozens. But catching prodigious bass does take time, 2,000 hours each year, Plummer figures, and his companion could not help thinking of the proverbial room full of chimpanzees with typewriters who, if given unlimited time, would type the works of Shakespeare. And he kept wondering: "How does he earn a living?"

They were headed toward New Hampshire. The previous week Plummer had caught a largemouth of nearly seven pounds in Massachusetts. After a catch like that, most anglers would fish no-

where else for the rest of their lives, but Plummer said, "Catching fish is not my main concern anymore. What I like is to explore, to find where fish are." That would appear to be the ultimate refinement of his art; he scores big in 50 to 60 different bodies of water each year, in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire. He estimates an annual catch of 1,000 bass of more than two pounds, despite eschewing modern refinements such as electric motors, high swivel seats and monster outboards, which are standard equipment on tournament bass boats.

Plummer detests tournaments. His boat is an unpretentious car-40p model which he designed and had built, 12 feet and 80 pounds of red cedar covered with fiberglass, with low, fixed seats and a

continued

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three-horse Evinrude to putt it along. As he says, "Those fancy boats are too heavy for carrying in to remote ponds, and so what if my seats are low and less comfortable than some? I'm also less visible to the fish, and I don't need a big motor because I'm not competing with other big motors." He thinks the sudden surge of an electric motor scares bass. He glides into prime water by means of oars that have a rubber coating where they touch the oarlocks to reduce noise.

Plummer turned down an unpaved road, not far north of Manchester, N.H. He lives in dread of crowds—three or four boats—on his favorite ponds. If he has a good fish on and someone comes along, he drops his rod in the bottom of the boat. This pond, which was about 85 acres, lay before him in the pre-dawn. It was classic largemouth water—shallow, dark and weedy—and deserted. Last summer Plummer had fished there twice, landing two bass of six pounds and doz-

ens of smaller ones. Now he set heavy layers of tarpaulin in the bottom of the boat, again to reduce noise. He hefted a bait-casting outfit, the reel wound with 15-pound-test braided Dacron line tipped with a four- or five-foot length of 15-pound mono leader, the only kind of tackle he uses. He catches all his bass on four kinds of lures: jigs, and three of his own design—the Banshee, a spinner bait; the Water Demon, a bottom crawler; and a surface lure, the Bill Plummer Surface Frog. On the hook of a black feathered jig he slipped what seemed to be a four-inch-long piece of licorice. "Black pork rind," he said. "I soak it in anise to hide the smell of my hands."

The first bass weighed three pounds, and after landing one of 3½, worth at least a snapshot in his companion's opinion, Plummer changed lures—his typical response to success. Or maybe the size of the bass embarrassed him. He tried a Banshee. "The only spinner bait in the

world with a soft plastic head." A skirt of white rubber ribbons flows back from the head. A No. 5 Gold Colorado spinner completes the lure. But as a final touch, Plummer attached a black plastic worm to the hook. He flpped the whole mess out. It stopped in mid-retrieve and erupted from the water in the lip of a bass shaped like a ham, then fell free. His friend looked quickly down, thinking silence the best response. But his sympathy was wasted. "About six," Plummer said, the way most men would say, "Pass the salami."

He was on the road again at noon, having caught and released eight bass of two or three pounds each. Plummer rarely keeps a fish. It would involve cleaning them instead of fishing, a waste of time. But then food of any kind holds little interest for him: while fishing he nibbles on a jelly sandwich or downs a few vitamins for lunch.

That night he stayed at a motel near *continued*

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his next morning's fishing. Neatly dressed, he might have been a tackle salesman, and it is fine with him if people think that. When he is asked what he does, sometimes he says, "I'm a millionaire." But now he was saying, "Even my mother doesn't understand what I do. She thinks I don't do anything, that I just go fishing. But I'm in an honorable profession. I fish, and I invent lures, and each week I get a check from the company that makes them." But talk like that is for the business pages. Plummer's story belongs with Ripley.

It begins one fateful day in 1957, in a dentist's chair, with a 5-year-old named Beth Plummer who had been promised a toy if she did not cry. She got a 10¢ toy frog with a rubber bulb that made it hop when squeezed. That night her father picked it up, snapped the little rubber legs, and announced, "This would make a terrific lure." He rigged one up with a weedless hook he had patented a few years earlier, took it over to the Sashbury River and started catching bass.

He wrote to the Japanese manufacturer, and soon toy frogs had all but taken over the house. At the time, Plummer had a job. He would get up at three even then and fish until eight, by nine he had to be at the Westboro Airport, where he gave flying lessons. His students got a lot of practice flying low over water, which Plummer carefully surveyed for weed beds, rocks and logs. But he needed more time for closer inspection, and now he had the formula for getting it: sell a million or so frogs. Subtract one job. Result: an excuse to go fishing forever.

So for two years he made frog lures and drank coffee until 5 a.m. He dragged himself around to tackle dealers, sales gaw, and finally a St. James, Long Island firm, Harrison-Hoge Industries, Inc., offered to manufacture and sell his frog—and any other lures he could dream up. The contract guarantees a weekly check based on sales, plus bonuses, which come along "every once in a while." The Plummer Water Demon appeared in 1968 and the Banshee in 1973, but the frog is the most successful and distinctive. There are very few other lifelike lures that can be cast into heavy weeds and obstructions without hanging up, and today sales are hopping, of course.

But the frog is a surface lure, and late fall bass rarely surface. At dawn on an-

other pond, Plummer was saying, "We'll get them in the channel as the sun rises; nothing big, one- or two-pounders, maybe a three," and then he racked up seven bass in 10 minutes on a Banshee in the channel mouth—three of one pound, three of two and one of three. Then the sun rose and he headed home, with a stop in New Hampshire for three bass in a man-made pond where no one ever catches anything. Plummer had studied the contour charts of the bottom, and he found the bass in a drowned creek bed.

Most of the bass in the last pond that he fished had been lying in a tiny fraction of the water, with the rest of it barren. This concentration of bass in one small area holds true in all bass lakes and ponds, and Plummer has learned where that fraction is in hundreds of them. But the ones he knows best are those near home, and after a 20-minute drive from his house, afloat in yet another dawn, he pointed at a small island and said, "The first time I fished here I picked up a 7½-pounder, right there." But now the weather had turned bad for fall fishing. Plummer said, meaning Indian Summer perfect. He stared into thick beds of coontail weed, knowing what was hiding down there, and he said, "We need some kind of front to stir them up." That night he smiled when he heard the weather forecast: heavy rain.

Dawn had barely arrived when Plummer peered out on his sixth pond in four days. It would be perilous to reveal how close it was to his front door. He headed his boat up the far shore and said, "We'll start here. It's rocky, and the bottom shelves off rapidly." Then there was no sound but the whirring of the reels, and then of mindrops. The Banshees left the rod tips and disappeared in the downpour, and suddenly Plummer began wrestling with something underwater. He seemed to be losing. The reel handle battered his knuckles, and for minutes he rocked back and forth. But when his hand reached down it came up loaded. "Seven pounds," he said. "Pretty fair."

"Just like the old days, right?" his companion said. He wanted reinsurance.

Plummer nodded yes. "The bass are harder to fool now," he said. "There are so many more fishermen than there used to be. But I still have enough good days to know that there are just as many big bass as there ever were."

END

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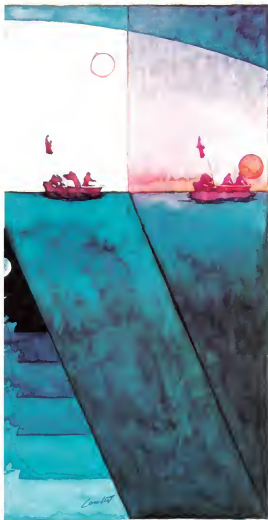
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A LONG TIME BETWEEN BEERS

What began as a pleasant day's fishing trip off Baja California turned into an 11-day ordeal for two Los Angeles anglers

BY H. MARVIN BIRD





ILLUSTRATIONS BY GILL LAMBERT

Bill mumbled in the darkness. I nudged him to switch positions. We shifted awkwardly in the cramped bow, and I welcomed the body warmth on my back. Soon he was shivering. At least we were somewhat dry. It was calmer. The waves gently rolled the 16-foot *Lazy*, but even so our shoulders, elbows and knees kept knocking against hard wood.

I drifted toward sleep, dreaming a hazy dream about fruit we had hidden in the engine. "There's no real point in saving it now," Bill said in the dream. "There's plenty to last." "It's not that we've been saving it, Bill," I said. It was just that we'd forgotten where we'd put it. Awake again, I listened to the creaking boards. Maybe the storm was leaving us in peace. I dozed more than on any other night we'd been adrift and finally woke to the cold on my back when Bill left the bow. I followed him, pulling after me the two small towels and the clammy deflated dinghy that served as our blanket and the four cushions that served as our mattress. The Gulf of California was blue-gray in the dawn, with long graceful

continued

CASTAWAYS

by Leonard

swells. There were no whitecaps.

Bill was filling the burners of the still. I ran my tongue around the inside of my mouth. Still no saliva, but the swelling of lips and tongue was definitely down. Yesterday, in the midst of the storm, we'd been able to coax half a pint or so of water from that strange conglomeration of cans and fishing gear.

It was difficult to believe that two days ago the still hadn't existed, or to remember the hours and hours which had gone into its construction.

The boiler was a gallon gas can, partially filled with salt water and set on its side on two quart oil cans, in which we burned a mixture of gas and oil. Steam condensed as it passed from the boiler through a length of butt-tank hose into a gallon plastic bottle. The bottle rested in a tackle box filled with cold seawater. Two days ago, braced against the waves, I had used needle-nosed pliers to nibble holes in the caps of the gas can and the bottle, fitting in the ends of the hose, sealing the joints with frayed nylon rope, then layer after layer of wound monofilament fishing line and electrician's tape. The "extras" had been added later, in attempts to outsmart wind, waves and fire. An open-ended oil can packed with frayed nylon rope was sleeved around the condensing hose near the boiler to insulate it from the flames. Parts of Bill's captain's chair served as braces, holding the burners in place. Cut-open oil cans served as windshields. Today we didn't need them.

I helped Bill light the burners by sparking the wires from the battery against gas-soaked strips of cardboard. We had run out of matches. We decided to drink what we produced in the first hour, then take full advantage of the calm and run the still as long as we could without breaking the cycle. I decided ahead of time to drink first and make sure Bill finished off the water. He'd gotten it into his head that I had more right to live than he, more to return home to.

"Can you handle the dinghy alone?" he asked.

"Sure."

The dinghy was bright orange and during the daytime we pushed it onto the



The Lazy drifted at the whim of wind and tide (black dots) before the castaways were rescued and flown to Hermosillo.

bow, where it could better be seen from the air. I pushed it into position carefully, a few inches at a time. The third day in sea I'd been thrown against the gunwale and must have cracked a rib. It ached, but working was easy when there wasn't a whipping wind. Other days we'd struggled together to get the dinghy into place. I secured it on the bow, then took off my yellow T shirt and hung it on a fishing rod at the stern. It was the only other brightly colored article on board. I put the towels and cushions out to dry, then sat near Bill.

Methodically he soaked a rag in the cool sea, draped it over the hose of the still, turned it as it absorbed the heat, soaked it again, draped it, breaking the rhythm occasionally to change the seawater in the tackle box. If the hose wasn't kept cool, pressure would build up to the point where it might explode. On the still's maiden run it had become almost bubbling hot—no condensation. The black sooty smoke rose above us, then drifted away. My fingers itched for a cigarette, but there weren't any. Anyway, I'd decided I'd quit smoking for good if I stayed alive. The decision would be a present to take back to my wife and daughters. That and a beard.

A bright-orange semicircular glow had formed on the horizon. The sun came up like a spark in the center. I watched sunsets with a slight feeling of horror,

sunrises with an overzealous hope. The sun rose to dry the clothes. We would go on living.

The ever-present sounds of the sea faded as the breeze dropped, and the sun was reflected in a long gold stripe on a calm Gulf of California. This was what the sea had been like nine days ago when we put out of Puerto Libertad on the east coast of Baja California with a picnic lunch and a gallon of water. We had trailed the *Lazy* down from Los Angeles on a fishing vacation. The day was pleasant. We caught a few fish, and on the way back to the tiny village, the gears went out in our outboard motor five miles from shore. We dropped the anchor. It caught as the last of the 150-foot anchor line uncoiled, and we prayed it would hold until another boat passed by to tow us

to shore. None came. The *Lazy* clung tenaciously to the bottom till nighttime, when the glassy sea raised its back like an angry animal, and the storm, pulling up the anchor, set us adrift.



"Mary, look."

Fish. Large ones, swimming peacefully around the boat.

"Your turn at the still."

He dug through the gear. Only one other day had been calm enough to attempt fishing. I thought of the day trips that Bill and I had taken last year with Bud. Did Bud know we were missing? Did anyone? Surely someone in Puerto Rico would have realized we hadn't come back. But why the hell weren't they looking for us?

Bill knotted a feather lure to the line. Maybe today we'd have some luck. Distilled water and moist fish. What a feast! I watched him cast. There was no spectacular strike in the first 30 seconds.

I blinked against the smoke. I was proud of the still, had confidence in it. And the sea anchor I'd built seemed to hold the boat steadier in a storm than the one we'd lost. I tensed, remembering the hell of that night. Wave after wave had crashed over the *Lazy's* side as we

bailed in the darkness and worked frantically with half-numb fingers, knocking the bottom out of an open wooden box, attaching lines to the corners of the open top, nailing a grain bag around the bottom. I would never again question impulse. Two weeks before, I had impulsively brought the bag on the fishing trip simply because I liked its feel between my fingers—it was made of woven plastic strips, not burlap. I doubted I would ever know greater relief than when Bill tossed that makeshift sea anchor over and the *Lazy* swung around slowly, facing the next wave bow on.

I dipped the rag. If I had confidence in the sea anchor and still, was confident that we would survive, was I also confident that I would set foot in my home again? I thought of Joanne, remembering her as she had been two weeks ago. Did she know I was lost?

"They don't want it," Bill said, peering into the water, reeling in.

"Try a spinner?"

"They don't want that, either."

I looked over the side. The fish shimmered. They came close to the surface,

looked us in the face and as good as thumbed their noses.

Four days since Bill's birthday, his 60th. We had celebrated with two of his homemade dried fruit rolls, the last of our picnic lunch. Three and a half days without food and five before that of rationed nibbles, but I still felt no hunger. Hardly even emptiness anymore.

"You know the one food that sounds good to me?" I said.

"Chateaubriand?" he said.

"Raw fish." I was serious. "Without the soy sauce. Makes you too thirsty."

"I'll take the Chateaubriand. And a milk shake."

We were talking too much. If we talked too much we would lose precious moisture from our mouths.

The fish refused to provide us with a feast, and the calm, glorious as it was, wasn't getting us ashore. We kept the still running throughout the afternoon. It occurred to us that we wouldn't persevere if we were in the water, so we took turns stripping and dipping into the sea, although I could hardly swim. Bill could swim, though. At first I was afraid he would glide away gracefully, doing the breaststroke, and not come back, but he seemed lucid this afternoon. I would cling to the *Lazy's* side, almost shocked to see her from the water. It was the first new perspective I'd had in nine days.

The breeze crept up slowly as the sun sank. I hated the nighttime, feared the cold and the dark. But at least everything was dry. Bill took the dinghy from on top of the bow and shoved it underneath with the towels and cushions. Our bedroom would be ready when we were. The sun set.

The cold came quickly and the dark as well, but both were pushed away from a tiny sphere whose center was the fires of the still. Stars appeared overhead and a long low bar of orange lingered on the horizon. The breeze was steady. The boat rocked. Rhythmically I changed the rag on the hose. Into the water. Out again. Over the hose. I was saying the words in my mind. Where had I learned to make sounds? "No, doe." I said them aloud. What did I do different with my mouth? "No, doe. no, doe. Nothing. Nothing." Ah! The no went through my nose. Where had I learned that? Who taught me? "No, Doe."

continued



CASTAWAYS

continued

"What?" Bill said.
"Nothing."

Was I crazy? No. No crazier than in land life, life-insurance life. Just closer to the surface.

The wind kept increasing as the hours passed. It started to come in gusts. We adjusted the windshields closer to the burners. The flames fluttered. Within an hour the waves had steepened as frighteningly fast as they had the first night. We had pulled up some of the floorboards and used them to build a wave-breaking extension to the tiny foredeck, but water continued to come aboard. Tending the still was again a two-man job. The wind forced painful dryness into my nostrils. Its whistle was joined by the sounds of crashing sea and of creaking boards. One of the fires blew out. Bill relit it from the other. A gust hit, and then darkness. I scrambled to the battery to spark the wires and relight the still.

"Do you think we should?" Bill said.

He was scared. We had used the last of the extinguisher the day before, when three times flames had set fire to the boat. He was scared of the fire. But wasn't he scared of the dark, too?

I sat down, arms around my legs, shivering. Part of the night was behind us. I looked at the stars. Orion and Taurus danced frantically. The waves were huge. I reached for the plastic bottle. Fresh water. There must have been close to a pint. We had done what we'd planned. We'd kept the still going as long as we could.

"Let's get up there before we freeze," Bill said.

I unscrewed the bottle from the hose.
"Let's drink."

We each had several hot swallows. The water tasted of gas and plastic. We crawled into the bow, into the endless night and sometimes, for a moment or two, into sleep, where dreams were tossed and rolled and broken apart into coldness and the lapping of water around the shoulders and the sudden crash as an-

other wave dumped gallons into the boat, and we had to get up and bail.

Bill used the bottle and I used the can. We clung to the boat with one hand and bailed with the other. The waves were towering now. They lifted us, high, higher, then rolled, roaring, away, sending us shooting downward. The boat yawed badly. A cross wave caught her stern,

the dangerous jobs. But I grasped his legs as he slithered along the deck and struggled with the line.

"I've got it! Pull me in."

I heaved him into the cockpit and fell to my knees. We would die before this ended. It disturbed me to realize that no time back home would know the exact moment I died. At some point they would just decide he is dead. We bailed, wind whipping through wet salty clothing straight to the bone. The last cupful of

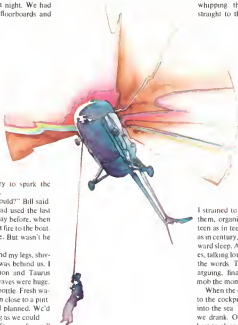
ocean was dumped back into the sea, and we crawled under the clammy dinghy and into our spoon-fashion huddle. I forced myself to listen to the sounds, listened to them one by one. As a whole, the sea roared incessantly. Each wave crashed, sometimes behind us, sometimes ahead of us, sending pattering spray into the boat. Water sloshed in the bilge. The heavy wind whipped the shelter.

I strained to count the sounds, isolating them, organizing. I counted 17. Seventeen as in teen-age, I thought. Seventeen as in century, they replied, pushing me toward sleep. And the 17 sounds were voices, talking loudly, though I couldn't catch the words. They rose and fell, pleading, arguing, finally becoming a screaming mob the moment before I awoke.

When the dawn finally came I crawled to the cockpit, bracing myself to urinate into the sea. We passed what little water we drank. Our bodies were doing their best to cleanse us. I turned and clung to the boat near the stern, Baja, which we sometimes caught sight of as we drifted down the coast, must have been so close. The *Lazy* climbed the steep face of a wave. Next to the boat the foam from broken crests swirled in the dark like the pictures you see of galaxies.

I crawled back under. Bill mumbled, "You left me to freeze."

I wrapped my arms around him. What would the neighbors say?



swinging her almost broadside to the seas. I looked up at a wall of water. My body was soaked as the wall crashed down. Pain shot through my rib. I scrambled through the wading pool of a boat.

"We've got to get the sea anchor farther out."

"I'll do it," Bill yelled. "You hold me."

It angered me. He insisted on doing



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CASTAWAYS

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We stayed in the bow until it was fully light, then pulled the dinghy after us into the cockpit. Baja stood out even closer than I'd thought. The storm was finally pushing us in the right direction. Maybe today.

We struggled to lash the dinghy to the bow, struggled to bail. I tied my shirt on a fishing rod, and it added its flapping to the sounds of the sea. We'd be crazy to run the still. We would have to face another day of clinging to the boat.

In the early afternoon I was seated half in the shade of the floorboard shelter. The sun shone aqua through the top of a wave. Bill's voice was crisp and close.

"Think how quickly I would be with Helen."

I said nothing. It would be easy for Bill to succumb to a logical time to die. Sixty years. Over the hump Helen's death so fresh. I looked at his filthy face, the stubble of a beard. Had he ever worn anything but brown Bermudas and a once-blue shirt? They hung on him. What would he look like now in a business suit? Great. But Bill and business suits didn't really get along. Bill, get yourself back to land. I thought. Bake all the bread and grow all the vegetables you want.

The closest land seemed to be a peninsula, but it would be hours before we approached it. I crawled under to the wet lumpy luxury of all four cushions, hoping to doze. On land a man could sleep stretched out in perfect stillness. By a fire maybe, or covered with leaves to stay warm. There probably wasn't a decent leaf within a hundred miles. I dozed.

"I think the peninsula's an island," Bill said.

I struggled back into the cockpit and looked through the glasses. The darker mass was separated from the mainland, and we were drifting quickly toward it.

"We can row when we get close," Bill said.

How tremendously the still would work ashore, away from the wind and the waves. We could make fire like the Indians. Build bonfires. Warm ones at night, smoky ones in the daytime. We could catch fish in the surf and eat them cooked. And I remembered the buckets and buckets of clams we had gathered outside San Felipe up the Baja coast from Puertocito.

"Steamed clams."

"What?"

"Clams. Remember how many there were at that beach? There must be some here."

"We aren't ashore."

I nodded. We could build a bigger still. Four burners beneath the five-gallon gas can. In my mind I built wind shelters, firepits, beds, signal systems. The wind buffeted me, the sun beat down hot on the sooty blackness of my shirt. An hour passed. It became evident that we were being swept past the island, not toward it. We were drifting parallel to the shore, less than half a mile away perhaps, but in a current as swift as a river's. We'd exhaust ourselves if we tried to row. We had tried that first day and the *Lazy* wasn't windy on the smoothest of seas. I said, "What do you think?"

He started talking. I was a little scared as he talked. He wanted to try swimming, to tow the *Lazy* behind him. I let him finish, then said, "I don't think you'd be strong enough." He seemed to accept it. I said, "We'll drift ashore. Eventually." We had to. My camp was so real.

Bill sat with his back to the stern. I worked my way toward the bow. I had sank into the rhythm of the waves, but I still don't know how the plane could have gotten so close before I saw it. It was framed above Bill's shoulder, flying low, almost on top of us. I stared at it, its huge form so foreign in the endless sky. Hallucination? Yes, the thought occurred to me calmly as the plane surged toward us without a sound. But then I was gripped with the need to move quickly, to do something to make the people see us. Bill saw the expression on my face as we heard the rumble. He struggled to his feet. I grabbed for the yellow shirt, wanting to wave it madly. It fell from my fumbling hands and landed in the water, bobbing away. The plane had passed above our heads. It looked as though it might continue to fly forever, on and on in a straight low line. There was a change in the sound of its motor as it banked slowly and approached for another pass.

"They've seen us!" Bill yelled.

This time the plane roared above our heads. It was a bulky amphibian with U.S. COAST GUARD clear on its side. A small, brightly colored parachute appeared, glided toward us and landed on the water 50 yards upward.

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CASTAWAYS

continued

Bill took a fishing rod and fumbled to free the hook. The parachute was drifting past us, 30 feet to port. He cast beyond it, hooked the chute and reeled it in. I leaned over the side and grabbed at the colored silk, and then our fingers tangled as we reached to the small wooden canister. The message inside was handwritten in pencil. A helicopter was coming. One line read, IF YOU NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION, STAND UP AND WAVE ARMS OVERHEAD. We had to laugh.

The plane roared above us. The sea was unbelievably rough. We leaned and clung as we watched the plane bank. Another parachute burst bright. Bill shielded his eyes from the sun. "I bet it's supplies," he said.

It had been released too late. It carried over our heads and landed in the water 100 yards downwind. Before I knew what was happening, Bill was at the stern, over the side and in the water. Horror swept through me. He would drown. The only thing I thought of doing was to jump in after him. It would get his attention. He knew I couldn't really swim. I was in the water, shocked by the cold and the turbulence, struggling to keep my head above the surface as I yelled for him to come back. He came back, and we scrambled into the boat.

"You fool!" I yelled, hardly able to talk. "You crazy goddamned fool! You couldn't have gotten that thing!"

I sat on the bottom of the boat, breathing quickly against the pain in my side. I didn't want to see how far the chute had floated. It was water, food, maybe another message from the people overhead.

The plane began to circle, sending out a consistent drone. They had found us. Thank God! Thank humanity, thank whoever had caused that plane to appear in the sky, to be flying low now.

Close to two hours passed before it left us, heading east. My stomach tightened in panic, but then a helicopter appeared from the same direction and was soon huge above us, maneuvering slightly upwind, bearing down. The wind from the sea whipped us. The wind from the chopper whipped us. The sound of the motor built to a roar. An object streamed toward the boat, trailing a colorful piece of silk. The canister was plastic this time, bright orange.

A CAGE WILL BE LOWERED TO YOU. DO

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CASTAWAYS

continued

NOT TOUCH IT BEFORE IT TOLCHES THE BOAT, ONE MAN AT A TIME.

The *Lazy* rose sharply on a wave, but the cage settled in beautifully. Bill pushed me. "Go."

I tumbled into the cage, felt it swing as soon as it left the boat. The roar of the engines grew louder. I was level with the door. Hands grasped the cage, and I was pulled inside. The members of the crew had to shout their instructions.

As Bill was pulled through space I leaned to look below him. I searched frantically before I found the *Lazy*, with the dinghy still on her bow, a speck of color lost in the mass of whitecaps. How had the plane ever found us?

The boom was pulled in, the door closed and we were away. One of the five-man crew handed me a glass of water.

"Sip it slowly," he yelled. "Are you hurt?"

Bill shouted, "We didn't even get seasick."

"Dehydrated?"

"Not badly anymore. What else have you got to drink?"

"Well, orange juice." I don't think the fellow knew what to do. He probably thought he should force us to rest, cover us with blankets.

"We're O.K.," I yelled. "We really are. We built a still. We've been drinking fresh water."

"Marv did it," Bill shouted.

Someone handed him a quart can of orange juice.

"You're not going to drink the whole thing, are you?" I asked.

"Watch me!"

They opened another for me. It was the nectar of the gods. Questions poured out as the men slowly realized we weren't on our last legs. They brought out a map. The island was Angel de la Guarda, located more than 80 miles south of Puerto Rico. Having drifted out to sea and back, the *Lazy* might well have carried us 200 miles. The channel we'd been entering between the island and the mainland was Salispuede (Get out if you can), the most turbulent spot in the Sea of Cortez. The amphibian had spotted us on its final pass of the day. It had just now reported arriving at Hermosillo on the Mexican mainland, flying on fumes.

"How long's the search been on?" Bill shouted.

"Since Sunday."

"What's today?"

"Tuesday."

"Three days! We've been lost a week and a half!"

"Took that long for the message to get out. There isn't even a telegraph line from Puerto Rico."

"They don't need an ambulance, do they?" the radioman called. "Should I request a taxi to take them to the hospital?"

Bill was horrified. "We don't need a hospital. We need a beer and a shower."

I wasn't going to argue. I had no desire to step inside a hospital, and Bill seemed, almost miraculously, to have snapped out of his strangeness. The crew arranged to take us to a hotel.

We gave up trying to talk. Someone pulled out box lunches. Bill took a bite of a sandwich and smiled. "It's tuna. We finally caught a fish."

I picked up an apple and decided, in a year's time, to fast for 11 days.

The sunset faded, and a few sparkling lights appeared below us.

"What's our ETA?"

"Hermosillo at 7:15. Another hour."

I leaned back against the seat, assuaged by the rumble and the vibration. Finally we slowed and descended. It seemed we were still 50 feet above the ground when the crew member who seemed the most easygoing opened the door, grabbed some white chocks, and jumped. Horror and numbness ran through me. Then I saw the top of his head. I turned to Bill, laughing. "You should see your face. Close your mouth. We're on the ground!"

He was furious. "Who are you laughing at? I heard you gasp. You thought he'd jumped, too."

The pilot greeted us. I said, "That was a hell of a smooth landing."

We climbed down a ladder and stepped onto solid ground. It wasn't solid. It moved like the sea beneath my feet.

I stumbled and weaved as I walked. A cold can of beer was pushed into my hand. Bill's can was already open and he raised it in salute. Before long we were heading into town in two taxis. I tried to explain the sea anchor to one of the crew members. It was difficult.

We stopped at the Gandara Hotel. Bill was tremendously amused as we entered the lobby, and I realized how the two of

continued

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CASTAWAYS

continued

us looked. We were unshaven. Our skin and clothes were black with soot. Flanked by a uniformed escort, still carrying beers, we staggered and tripped.

The guests in the lobby stared at us. Our keys were ready. In a matter of minutes we found ourselves behind the door of No. 61. I clung to the dresser. "Go ahead and take the first shower," Bill said, collapsing on a bed.

I weaved my way to a table with glasses and a pitcher. Real water, free for the drinking. A real hotel, a real bathroom. It took an act of will to turn on the shower and waste all that precious liquid. It ran down the drain, black from the soot of the still. The waves, encouraged by splashing sounds, were up to 15 feet. Wedged against tiles, I sopped and rinsed at least four times, then dried unsteadily and looked at myself in the mirror. Not the greatest job. I looked at my hands. Every crease, every dry crack was packed black. I washed them again in the sink.

"One of the guys brought us some clothes," Bill said. "And a razor. You want to use it while I shower?"

"I'm leaving the beard on."

We both jumped as the phone rang.

"Ooga," I said, picking up the receiver. Isn't that what you're supposed to do in Spanish?

"Mr. Bird?"

"Si."

"This is the desk. I have your wife on the line."

"Joanne?"

"Mary? Are you there?"

"Joanne! Honey! You'll never know how great this is," I almost started to cry. I could see her face, see her movements, all in the sound of her voice. It was odd to hear the story from her point of view, to hear that the newspapers had distorted half the facts. But everything seemed right as we talked. I almost panicked as we said goodbye and a quiet click put the miles again between us.

I crawled naked into the clean sheets. The patterning of water had stopped in the bathroom. Bill came out wrapped in a towel.

"Hey," I said, "look at you."

He'd shaved. "I can't come close to getting clean."

"Neither can I. It's our souvenir of the still."

He sat on the bed. "They're going to drop me in Puertocitos tomorrow and take you by helicopter on to San Diego. I'll pick up the gear and then bring back my car."

"You shouldn't be stuck with that. I can help if you want." I was still worried about him. I wasn't sure he should be alone.

"Hell, no. Get back to your family. Besides, there're those hot springs we never got to. I'm going to soak."

He turned off the light. Darkness and warmth and comfort surrounded me. So did the sea. I couldn't relax. I changed positions again and again, trying to escape the ache from my damaged ribs and the never-ending surge of the waves. An hour must have passed. Bill got up for water.

"Want to bring me some?" I said.

I drank, tried again to sleep. Relax. I kept telling myself. Relax. Finally I noticed a different relaxation. Good. I would sleep soon. Would either you boys like a beer? The beer thought was good. I was almost asleep. Just had to put on the lid. It was on for 15 seconds, and then I was awake again. I got up and went to the window, opening it and hearing the clutter of sounds from below.

"Suppose she sank in the channel?" Bill said.

"I don't know."

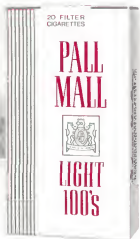
He rolled back onto his side.

I wanted a cigarette. I thought of the Lazy, realizing she would probably sink. I wished we had brought the still. Why hadn't we? I thought of the yellow shirt. If I could touch it right now, would all this make more sense?

I sat on the bed, forcing myself to listen, unthinking, to the traffic and the voices speaking Spanish. I thought of my family. It was wonderful to think without being haunted by questions, to know for sure I would see my daughters again, would see Joanne.

I crawled between the sheets. The rhythm of waves rolled me back and forth. The rhythm of my heart vent pain through my rib cage. I forced my body down. Sink into the bed, body. Relax. I relaxed my feet and my calves and thighs and buttocks—all the way up to my face. Relax. Keep the mind completely quiet. Quiet. Shipping away. Flowing away. Around. Around incircles. **END**

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As I Did It

by THOMAS LONGSTRETH

HE WENT UP FOR AN EASY LAYUP, AND
CAME DOWN WITH A LESSON IN LIFE

I had known who Wilt Chamberlain was for more than a year, ever since a Philadelphia Evening Bulletin headline announced that a 6' 11" sophomore figured to make Overbrook High School very tough. I had seen him play just a year before on our school court and had even been on the floor with him for a few minutes. But the idea of playing against him, head to head (or, rather, head to chest), was exhilarating and, at the same time, overwhelming. Yet, it was really about to happen.

My prep school, the Episcopal Academy, was only a few miles from Overbrook High, and for the second straight year our coach, Jack Harter, had arranged a scrimmage between these two unlikely rivals: one inner-city and mainly black, the nemesis of the vast Philadelphia Public League; the other suburban and white, a member of the six-team, private-school Interacademic League. I looked forward to seeing the already celebrated Chamberlain enter our gym, and I marveled at his basketball skills, but where and how he lived, what his life was like and why there were no black students at Episcopal were questions that simply did not occur to me as a 16-year-old in 1953.

Although Episcopal had twice beaten Germantown High School (one of whose players, I would learn some years later, was Bill Cousyl), we were no match for Overbrook, and I can only speculate that it was the availability of our gym during the holidays that lured such a powerhouse to our school. It certainly wasn't the competition.

The year before, when Wilt and I were both sophomores, I had watched horror-struck from the bench as he dunked a shot right in the middle of the game. I had seen pros like Neil Johnston of the Warriors dunk the ball in their pregame warm-up drills at the Arena, but the idea of a high school player doing it—

and doing it during a game—was scary.

By the time I entered the scrimmage, Wilt, content now merely to pass off, was set up in a low post, with me irrelevantly stationed behind him, trying to peer over his shoulder at what was going on. To my immense relief, Wilt very shortly retired to the sidelines, driven there less by my defense than by the desire of the Overbrook coach to hold down the score.

But a year later, a day or two after Christmas in 1953, I was ready to go one-on-one with Wilt for real. The matter of his size was a formidable psychological problem, not to mention a physical one. Because of my height (I was a shade over 6' 3"), I had automatically been the center on every team I had played for since grade school, and I was long accustomed to being taller than almost everyone I knew. But Wilt, a legitimate seven-footer, gave me an early lesson in relativity. Having expected to see just a larger version of a "big" kid like myself, both of us wearing standard white high-top Chuck Taylor All Star sneakers, I was simply not prepared to be dwarfed, to feel little, to feel unable to cope. At the center-jump circle Wilt and I exchanged

an old-fashioned, straight, square, mid-Victorian handshake.

I said, "How ya doin', Wilt?" He smiled and responded, "How ya doin', Buddyroll?" and the game was on. It was hardly a game, however.

Aside from the image of Overbrook's coach, a short, spotted man whose repeated entreaty "Wilton! Wilt! Play defense!" punctuated the game, most of the details of that scrimmage have faded, including the score, if anybody bothered to keep it. One play, however, remains clear in my memory a quarter of a century later, for it permanently changed my whole perception of the game of basketball. Harter had installed a fast-breaking offense that season, one of the first in my league, and, for those days, we scored a lot of points with it. It was a structured, three-on-two break, originating from a 1-2-2 zone, and I always filled the left-side lane, leaving Wilt behind for once, we had Overbrook's guards in a classic three-on-two situation, and our middle man gave me a perfect bounce pass as I broke to the basket.

Receiving the ball in stride, I took one last big step and laid it up for what seemed an easy two points. I cannot possibly convey the sense of amazement, shock and disbelief that I felt when I saw the ball land, not in the basket, but far back on the stage at the end of the gym, sending a rack of folding chairs flying. Although I didn't know it then, because I didn't have the vocabulary to describe it, I had been stuffed.

I had never before been stuffed. I had never before witnessed my teammates—or anybody else—being stuffed. It had never occurred to me that such a thing could happen in a basketball game. Where Wilt came from and how he got there I still do not understand, but this much I do know: from that moment my innocence was forever, irretrievably lost. To this day there is a tiny part of me that is gun-shy. There is always the chance, on the easiest, most wide-open layup in the most casual two-on-two game, that the shadow of that giant hand will descend from the heavens and contemptuously flick my shot into nowhere. Was Wilt's block my first intimation of life's tenuousness and uncertainty?

Wilt Chamberlain, to this day, is remembered for his offensive heroics. Well, that's a mistake. And no less an authority than I can attest to it. **END**



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NITS VS. RUNS

Sir,

I could not believe my eyes when I saw the cover of your Oct. 30 issue. The Yankees won the World Series, there were big upsets in pro football and you chose to feature a marathon? How many people do you think are interested in that kind of stuff? I am disappointed in you.

PHILIP MCKEON
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Sir,

I could not have been more pleased with your cover on the New York City Marathon, and Kenny Moore's chronicle of Bill Rodgers' glorious triumph (*All Around the Town*). Perhaps it's a bit premature, but if you can find a more deserving Sportsman of the Year than Rodgers, I'll eat my Thonies.

BRUCE G. HEAREY
New York City

NOMINATIONS

Sir,

The competition for SI's 1978 Sportsman of the Year award will undoubtedly be intense. Our candidate's credentials may not match those of any other nominees, but his spirit and desire are worthy of the admiration of all sports fans. Why not present the award to Jim Bouton, the man who captured our hearts in 1976?

STUART AGLER
KAVIN BARRY
DAVID SANNER
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir,

Mario Andreotti beat the world?

MICHAEL WALLS
Jackson, Mich.

THE NORTHWESTERN APPROACH

Sir,

Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on my favorite college football team, the Northwestern Wildcats (*Win-Mu? Waa-Woo?* Oct. 30), was like a drink of water to a thirsty man. After reading so many negative stories about the "Cats," it was a treat to find one expressing a little optimism. The team works hard and deserves encouragement and faith.

TERI WOODS
Evanston, Ill.

Sir,

I read your article the day after I watched Northwestern play Ohio State. Following the game, I embraced my son—a Northwestern linebacker—whose eyes were still red from tears of pain, fatigue and frustration shed following another gutsy, unrelenting fight-to-the-last effort by him and his underdog teammates.

Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes was generous in his praise of Northwestern's refusal to give up. I am amazed that your article didn't give more credit to the athletes who represent Northwestern. Virtually all of them had opportunities to accept athletic scholarships to schools more noted for their football prowess. They chose Northwestern because they were interested in a good education and in playing major college football. They knew the path to glory would be a struggle, that they would be underdogs, but they would try to change that. It takes far more courage to accept that role than to drift comfortably in a football powerhouse. Week after week this team continues to display the kind of character that makes me proud to be a Northwestern fan.

NORBERT R. BERG
St. Paul

Sir,

As the mother of a trumpet player in the marching band, I must take exception to your dismissal of the band in one sentence. Indeed, the band, twirler and cheerleaders provide the brightest moments in the stadium.

My husband and I attended the game against Minnesota—it was Parents' Weekend—and the halftime show included a tribute to Northwestern's winning Rose Bowl team of 1949. The theme was "Vanshish Traditions." In any case, the music provided to spur the team on is marvelous. As one student seated behind us said at the end of the show, "Get those football players off the field and suit up the band!"

If Coach Rick Venunian deserves credit for taking on a losing cause, John Paynter, director of Northwestern bands for 28 years, should receive a large bouquet for firing up the band every week in first-class support of that cause.

MARY MARREN
Chicago

Sir,

I lived in Evanston at about the time Jerry Kirshenbaum was a student at Northwestern. Ara Parsegian was a super coach. He maximized his talent to such a degree that Wildcat fans began to feel NU really belonged in the Big Ten. Subsequent events have proved otherwise. The Northwestern philosophy is out of sync with reality. NU should drop competitive athletics or go into a small-college conference. The status of Big Ten football has never been lower. The Big Eight, Southeastern, Southwest and Pac-10 conferences have all surpassed the Big Ten. Schools like Northwestern have no business playing football powers. Let's save what is left of a beautiful

Big Ten memory and get with it, before the conference falls into football oblivion.

JOHN HOLMES
San Jose, Calif.

Sir,

Bravo, Northwestern! Leave professional football to the NFL and keep college athletics as a college activity for the benefit of students. NU athletes are the real winners in the Big Ten, regardless of what it says on the scoreboard.

JACK BRATH
Denton, Texas

BRUTALITY (CONT.)

Sir,

I say a big "Amen!" to Red Blisk's appraisal of your series on football brutality (*19th Hole*, Oct. 23). He summed it up best when he said, "Football is not a dainty game."

As a high school sophomore, I can tell you only what my coaches teach me—the tough, and be alien. We don't pitch our opponents or spar them when they're down, but we do hit hard before they do it to us. We pursue and gang tackle and, yes, John Underwood, we hit the quarterback, too. If the quarterback is someone who can't be hit, then he shouldn't be playing. Football is not a game for wimps. Thanks, Red, for hitting the nail on the head.

RIK HAYES
Clarendon, Texas

Sir,

On Oct. 15, when I saw Minnesota Quarterback Tommy Kramer's limbs twitching like a clean-killed buck's after that legal hit late in the Los Angeles game, I felt genuine nausea at being witness and perhaps silent party to such an act, however unintentional, of human degradation. Those coaches and players—quarterbacks among them—who insist that the passer can't be further protected without changing the game are only another illustration that the world is run by a G-level mentality. What they can't see is that the game is going to change whether they like it or not. In football as in all other endeavors, when something doesn't work, something new is desired.

BRAD BURKHOLDER
Harrisonburg, Va.

AMERICANIZED SOCCER

Sir,

The Indiana soccer team has no "secret," as you claimed in your article *Hot Foes for the Hoosiers* (Oct. 23). Hoosier Coach Jerry Yeasley and others, through their presence on the NCAA rules committee, have allowed the repeated substitution of several players during a game. What they have done, in effect, is to invent a new game that is foreign

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19TH HOLE continued

to the rest of the soccer-playing world.

The idea of soccer is that 11 well-conditioned men—with only a couple of substitutions—play 90 minutes of a game of tactics. By allowing seven substitutions, we Americans have invented a game called "90 minutes an hour for 90 minutes" (to quote Coach Eddie Firmani of the Cosmos), which allows less talented and less capable players to compete because they can run at you for a short period and then be replaced by others who continue to do the same. This new game more closely resembles lacrosse and ice hockey than it does soccer.

We aren't doing our young men any favors by teaching them the soccer that we are playing in college, because when they compete with the rest of the world they will find out that they are indeed lacking.

In addition, I beg to differ with St. Louis Coach Harry Keough's statement that no team has ever beaten the Billikens three times in a row in season play. Clemson defeated St. Louis 2-1 in 1975, 3-1 in 1976 and 3-1 in 1977 all in regular-season play.

J. M. IBRAHIM
Head Soccer Coach
Clemson University
Clemson, S.C.

DOG PACKS (CONT.)

Sir,

I have seldom, if ever, read such a brutal story as *Horror in a High Country* (Oct. 23) or one from such a biased viewpoint—that of the human hunter. What was the reason for publishing such a violent and disturbing piece of fiction? Was it to illustrate how pet dogs running in a pack can revert to savagery? This is unfortunately true, but the protagonist is even more savage because he is a killer by choice, not by instinct, and thus his killing is even more reprehensible than that done by the dogs.

The storyteller's belated and somewhat suspect awareness of the right of the sheep and the deer to survive is hard to believe, because he mentions shooting dogs in spring and killing other wild animals. But suddenly he is the savior of this particular deer, which could well have been his victim another time.

Let the hunting magazines publish such macho and one-sided stories glorifying man, the hunter and worst predator of all. We expect a better class of articles—true or fictional—in the pages of *SI*.

HELEN HICKLEY
Oakland, Calif.

Sir,

I've just read Jack Curtis' story, and now I cannot sleep without expressing my feelings. Frankly, I was shocked! As I read it, I dreaded the outcome, but did not really believe that Harry would go through with the killing of the dogs. Up to the last column I hoped for some miraculous solution.

Here in Vermont, we have similar conditions. Thousands of family farms, no longer

operating, have been sold for fabulous sums to city people ("down-country out-of-staters") who use them for second homes. All of them post their lands, yet all have pets running wild—cats, other birds and dogs after deer. Not one would ever admit that his pet would harm a living thing—at times domestic fowl and sheep as well as wild game. But the word gets around. If the offending pet is not caught by the game wardens, local hunters give the coup de grace.

The worst of it is that the dogs are not to blame; they are simply obeying an atavistic impulse and having a ball. Their owners are the ones who deserve punishment for exhibiting callous indifference and a lack of restraint. As the owner of a deer-running collie-shepherd, I know whereof I speak. When the game warden first told me that Smoky was suspected, I couldn't believe it. But when, a week or so later, Smoky trotted across the pasture, dead tired and bloody-legged, I did what I had to do. So I argued with Harry, but what else could he do?

ELMER BUTLER
Chester, Vt.

Sir,

As a priest and an attorney, I find the story objectionable for its underlying philosophy is, "If you don't like something, or feel frustrated, take the law into your own hands."

The common law and its system of money damages was instituted to keep the king's peace, in other words, is a substitute for fighting. On this, a society based on laws, not strength and cunning, came into being.

The alternative to law, eventually, is mob rule, and then anarchy, where might, not right, prevails.

The California statutes provide remedies for killed stock or game, but nowhere in the story is there any mention that the narrator appealed to the authorities or sought relief in the courts. This reflects either a lack of research by Jack Curtis, or an espousal of the principle that one is justified in taking the law into one's own hands. I might add that the California statutes also provide penalties for killing dogs, as well as other domestic animals.

THE REV. LAWRENCE E. IRWIN, FERGUSON
Dallas

DOGS

Sir,

It was bad enough when you didn't give Seattle's Jim Zorn credit for a great day against Oakland (For the Record, Oct. 30), but to say Oakland lost 27-7 to the Mariners—now, that is news! The Mariners play baseball. It was the Seahawks who beat the Raiders.

You had best stay on your toes, or we may not invite you to the Super Bowl.

ANN BAKER
Seattle

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New
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